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## CONTENTS

NOTES OF THE WEEK ... 33

### LEADING ARTICLES:

Lord Byng's Task ... 36  
The Guest of the Period ... 37

### MIDDLE ARTICLES:

The Comedy of Westminster 38  
The State and the Subject—II 39  
Expert Medical Evidence. By Quiero ... 40  
Here and There. By Gerald Bullett ... 41  
Travelese. By Rose Macaulay 42

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 43

### THE THEATRE:

Two Lefts and a Right. By Ivor Brown ... 45

### MUSIC:

The Russian Ballet ... 46

THE KINEMA: ... 47

### LITERARY COMPETITIONS:

Set by Bohun Lynch ... 47

BACK NUMBERS—LXXXI ... 49

### REVIEWS:

"Q." By Edward Shanks ... 50  
Leigh Hunt's 'Examiner' Examined ... 51  
Shelley—Leigh Hunt ... 51  
Selected Letters of Byron ... 51  
Lenin ... 51  
Words and Poetry ... 52  
Letters of Pontius Pilate ... 53  
The Tragedy of Trianon ... 53

### REVIEWS—continued

Salmon and Trout in Moorland Streams ... 54  
The Way of a Trout with a Fly ... 54

### NEW FICTION. By L. P. Hartley

Swan Song ... 54  
Against the Sun ... 54  
Poor Women! ... 54  
Dead Lovers are Faithful Lovers ... 54  
Nightseed ... 54

### SHORTER NOTICES ... 58

MOTORING ... 58

THE CITY ... 60

ACROSTICS ... 63

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK

IF the Government's handling of Lord Byng's appointment had been as happy as the appointment itself there would have been little cause for complaint. As we said last week, the announcement that Lord Byng was to succeed Sir William Horwood was made at the wrong moment and in the wrong way. In a leading article we explore the whole situation and its relation to the Savidge Reports. Writing before these Reports are published we have been obliged to confine ourselves to their general tendency as authoritatively outlined in the Press and acknowledged in Parliament; examination of their proposals in detail must be left to a later date. It is worthy of notice, however, that even if the majority of the Tribunal has decided that the police in the Savidge case were on broad lines innocent of blame, the Government have evidently already made up their minds that in general the police force is in a bad way and urgently needs reform. Mr. O'Connor hit the nail on the head during Wednesday's debate. "You do not put a man of sixty-five at the head of the police," he said, "if everything is plain sailing." Of course you do not. It was amusing to see his

specific charges of corruption against the police described in the public prints as a "bombshell." It merely shows the unreality of Westminster and Fleet Street that they can so regard what has been common gossip among the rest of us for years. The illness has been diagnosed and the cure prescribed. The Home Secretary's mistake has been in denying the complaint while endorsing the prescription.

It has become the accepted thing for the Labour opposition to bungle a good case. It constantly does so, but seldom more conspicuously than over the Pace case at the beginning of the week. The Attorney-General's replies to their questions were so incomprehensible that any but a body of men quite unusually incompetent in the Parliamentary art would have made him feel exceedingly uncomfortable. Why it should be considered inexpedient, as Sir Thomas Inskip seemed to think it was, to raise questions regarding an acquitted person is not obvious to ordinary mortals. Fortunately for coherence, the real issue does not turn on that point. There is really no case for compensation of Mrs. Pace for the loss and anxiety to which she has been put—terrible though these have been. If every acquitted person were to be compensated for



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having been tried, the police would have a busy time evading innocent but impecunious persons anxious to make sufficient show of guilt to get themselves arrested. The Attorney-General held out some hope that the Crown might pay the cost of Mrs. Pace's defence; and this is as much as justice demands. But the course of this trial, and the fact that had public sympathy not been widely evoked there might not have been enough money available to provide an adequate defence, does raise again the question whether a Public Defender, or at least a Public Defence fund, ought not to be established.

The real importance of the Pace case is the light it has thrown on the position of Coroners' courts. The Attorney-General apparently sees no good reason for altering the existing law, and declares himself unable, even if he should wish, to quash the verdict of murder which the jury, at the coroner's order, returned against Mrs. Pace at the inquest on her husband. But for that verdict—returned under pressure, and subsequently to an earlier verdict against some person or persons unknown—it is extremely improbable that any proceedings would have been begun against Mrs. Pace. The trial which in fact was held proved how hopeless was the case against her. A coroner's court exists for the sole purpose of determining the cause of death, not for returning verdicts of murder against specific persons, which may easily—though this verdict happily did not—prejudice subsequent courts against those persons, and may even—as *did* happen in this case—leave a person afterwards proved innocent before a higher tribunal still branded unalterably as a murderer. That is an injustice the very possibility of which should be immediately removed.

In general we should object to the Lord Chief Justice of the day publishing a book on a current controversial question, and we hope Lord Hewart will not create a precedent; but we are bound to welcome the announcement of his book: 'Power and the People.' Nothing is more urgently needed than an authoritative exposure of the monstrous encroachments of the bureaucracy on the rights of the citizen. That the Lord Chief Justice of England finds it incumbent upon him to protest publicly and in print is proof enough of the necessity. We need not repeat what we have lately said on the matter or anticipate what is being said in the special articles we are publishing. But we must take note of the refusal of the Government to give time for the grossly overdue reform in procedure, when the State and the individual are at law, which has the support of the whole legal profession and is strongly desired by lay opinion. By an easy process of elimination it can be shown that opposition comes solely from the Departments, which have been allowed to forget that they exist for the citizen, not the citizen for them, and that bureaucratic convenience is no excuse for removing the matter of disputes from the view either of Parliament or of the Courts of Law. Whatever might be said for a bureaucracy naked and unashamed, and it would be little, there is nothing to be said for a bureaucracy hidden behind Parliamentary forms

and acting arbitrarily through the special powers it has secured from an uncomprehending or indolent legislature. The whole situation needs relentless examination.

Sir Austen Chamberlain appeared almost to resent the questions put to him in the House of Commons on Monday about the Kellogg peace pact. If there were no public interest in the American treaty, no desire for it to be signed without delay, it would not be worth the paper on which it is written. The opinion of the jurists is unimportant, for the treaty is so straightforward that it can have no legal traps in it; a simple pledge that no nation in future will use war as a means of getting what it wants is something a child can understand. We need to build up a tradition against war, and here we have an opportunity of doing so, with the co-operation of the only country in the world that might be powerful enough to stand aside. It is not fair to blame the Dominions for the delay in signing the Kellogg pact. The much-vaunted beam wireless would bring their unqualified assent rapidly enough if they knew that the British Government were anxious to sign quickly.

The Nanking Government have announced their intention of taking immediate steps to have the "unequal treaties" revised, and have laid down temporary regulations for the treatment of foreigners during the interval between their abrogation and the signature of new treaties. This move is not surprising, since foreign governments are pledged to a revision of the documents governing their relations with China; but the Nationalist Government would probably have been better advised to move a little more slowly. It is evident that the Foreign Powers will not willingly relinquish special measures for the protection of their nationals until they have some confidence in the new Chinese Administration. At the present moment a struggle is in progress between Chinese financiers, who appreciate the importance of obtaining foreign assistance, and Chinese generals, who have so long lived on industry and agriculture that they are reluctant to disband the troops who robbed merchants and farmers on their behalf. Before the new Government can be recognized the generals must give way to the bankers.

The Debate on the Report Stage of the Totalisator Bill last Friday was as bad an example as could be of a Parliamentary system that is powerless to avoid wilful obstruction. It is this kind of thing that brings the Commons into contempt. Luckily the Bill avoided defeat, and the Government are right now to have taken it under their wing, if only because it offers a way out of the muddle into which the Chancellor has got over the betting tax. Evasions under the existing arrangement are so extensive that the whole principle of taxing bets has been endangered. That principle is open to objection on several grounds, but certainly not on the ground that bookmakers dislike it. It would have been a shameful thing were the Government to have allowed themselves to be forced to drop the tax because they found themselves



at the mercy of what Mr. Churchill recently called an "exceedingly undesirable element." Moral arguments against the "Tote" will not hold water. Having imposed a tax on betting, the Government have tacitly admitted the legality of betting; the only thing that now concerns them is the most efficient method of collecting revenue from it.

Under a clause inserted into the Railways Bills at the instigation of the Parliamentary Committee, the railways are to be prohibited from competing with existing road traffic within the London County Council area. That the proposal to extend that area to the whole Metropolitan and City Police districts has the approval of the Bills' supporters is not surprising, for it is so obviously wise. Traffic congestion in London demands it: there simply is not room for another vehicle. Moreover, the extension is to be accompanied by an important concession which the railways have not been slow to appreciate. They are to be allowed to run long-distance passenger cars to and from their metropolitan termini provided the drivers do not stop within the London area to set down or take up. Now that the railways have obtained so large a measure of the powers they have been seeking they will do well to look within for means of improving their efficiency. It will be a long time before their road developments can alleviate the economic crisis that confronts them. They must save and improve in other ways. They might begin by looking to their directorates, and weed out the many decorative dispensables who neither by age nor by knowledge are entitled to absorb the shareholders' money at a time of financial strain.

On Wednesday the Prime Minister, whose solicitude for the English countryside has been shown in a dozen different speeches, was asked in the House "if his attention had been called to the protests of district councils and other bodies . . . against the proposed erection of high standards over the countryside for the carrying of the new national electric cables, and what steps were being taken to carry out the declared desires of the Government for the preservation of the beauty of rural England." Industrial progress always brings problems of this sort in its train. More often than not no effort has been made to meet them, with the results that to-day confront us up and down England. A Government whose head takes so lively an interest in the subject must see to it that this question is not left unanswered or answered in an unsatisfactory way. If the Government will give it them, a big chance awaits artists and architects to turn a potential menace into an opportunity. Innovations of this sort have not always proved destructive of landscape. Many a view, indeed, has been improved by a railway embankment or a well-designed steel bridge. We have grown so used to telegraph poles that we no longer notice them: they certainly cannot be said to spoil any view. And we know how the big steel cranes that are now an everyday feature of London rebuilding can actually improve a skyline. The Government

must see to it that the new cable standards are aesthetically worthy of the great industrial benefit they will bring.

The crisis in Yugoslavia following on the attempt by a Montenegrin deputy, alleged to have been encouraged by the so-called Radical Party, to murder the Croat leader, Stephen Raditch, has not yet been solved. The Vukitchevitch Cabinet has handed in a tardy resignation without having succeeded in ratifying the Nettuno Conventions, as demanded by Italy. Neither M. Raditch nor any of his Liberal opponents has yet formed a government, and in a fortnight's time the treaty of friendship with Italy will expire. We have frequently found it necessary in these columns to criticize the foreign policy of Signor Mussolini. We are all the more ready, therefore, to welcome the reports that now, instead of making capital out of the quarrels between Serbs and Croats, he is prepared to agree to a new extension of the treaty of friendship, the cancellation of which would be an international calamity.

Labour's divisions are not confined to this country. The quarrel which has led to the expulsion of Colonel Creswell, the former leader of the South African Labour Party in the House of Assembly, is far more serious than the Maxton revolt over here. Two of the exiles were members of the Government, and General Hertzog's Nationalist-Labour Coalition will now consist of Nationalist ministers, of one Labour minister recognized by that Party's National Council, and of these two outcasts. The quarrel which has resulted in this strange situation has now lasted for several months. It arose through Colonel Creswell's attack at the Labour Party's Annual Conference on the National Council, which, he declared, had captured the party machinery and, incidentally, its funds, by illegitimate wirepulling. In the circumstances General Hertzog's rather unusual coalition is unlikely to survive for long.

We congratulate the *Spectator* on attaining its century. Few weeklies have lived so long, fewer still have been equally fortunate in remaining for decades at a time under the same direction. Its founder, Rintoul, edited it for thirty years; Hutton and Townsend, as joint editors, had a long reign; and Mr. St. Loe Strachey's control over the paper ended only recently. Under all of them it stood, as it stands to-day, for things incessantly menaced by ignorance and vulgar passion. May its useful work continue!

Speculation is rife, for journalists will not allow it to be anything but rife at any time, about the bird which this week has repeatedly perched on the top of Big Ben. The theory that it was a raven, engaged in saying "Nevermore" to the Government, has rightly been dismissed as a malicious invention. It has been said by a few to be an eagle; and indeed a hummingbird is almost the only label not tentatively put forward. With all this discussion of its identity, there has been little attempt to guess what its presence portends. For ourselves, we can only suppose a shortage of (a) cormorant or (b) eagle or (c) other-bird food in the creature's usual place of residence.

## LORD BYNG'S TASK

THE attack on Lord Byng's appointment as Chief Commissioner of Police broke down badly, for it was ill-conceived. When the day was given for the debate the House expected that the report of the Savidge Commission would be out, and that it would throw some light on the reasons for the appointment. Deprived of this expected reinforcement the Opposition could only develop the abstract argument against appointing a military man to a civil post and the trade-unionist argument against bringing anyone into a business who has not served his proper apprenticeship.

Neither argument touches the realities. There are military men, as the past records of this office have shown, who have all the gifts necessary for distinction in it, and there is no reason to suppose that Lord Byng will not add to their number. Moreover, there are occasions in the history of every organization when it is necessary to introduce new blood. If there is need of drastic reform in the police force, and if its present heads are not capable of carrying them out, the fact that Lord Byng is an outsider and brings a fresh mind and the prestige of distinction in other public service to his task may be the strongest of recommendations. The Home Secretary did not start with any prejudice in favour of appointing a soldier to the post. He seems to have reflected over other alternatives such as the appointment of a distinguished civil servant (for which there might be much to be said) or a man who had proved his powers of organization in the City. In finally deciding that General Byng was the best man for the task there is no reason to suppose that he was influenced by any other motive than that of finding the best man for the post and for the exceptional occasion. Even if, as is being freely hinted, the Court strongly supported the claims of General Byng, that does not invalidate them. We are quite prepared to believe that Lord Byng is the best man who could possibly have been chosen.

Exceptional men for exceptional times, and these are exceptional times in the police force. It is the convention of every Minister that he must stand up in public for his agents, and the Home Secretary has done his very best not to let down the police. But he does in fact admit that the force is passing through a serious crisis. Some of his instances are not a little comical. There is apparently a great deal of back-chat by motorists against policemen on point duty, and sometimes bribes are offered to the police, which he deplures. There is what he calls a "sub-acid feeling" among the public against the police and their methods; he even quotes the allegations by responsible men that "third-degree" methods have been brought over from America and are being naturalized here; there are other matters which have to be "probed to the hilt," as he puts it. That is about as near as one can expect a Home Secretary to get to saying that the reason he has appointed a man of great distinction and force of character to take charge of the police force in London is that it is in a bad way; in fact, what he means is

that a Hercules is needed to clean out the stables of Augeas.

But let us be quite clear about the nature of the abuses that exist. That there are some bad men in the police is only to be expected. That the vast majority of the force are sound honest men who not only work hard but show admirable qualities of discretion and good nature is part of the creed of most of us which nothing will shake. The mischief is being done by some foreign bacilli that have somehow affected a lodgment in the force. The Home Secretary came near to describing one bacillus which is probably German in its origin and certainly dates from the time of the war with Germany. "There is a large section of the community," he says, "who come into conflict with the police who are not criminals in the ordinary sense of the term but who are breaking various regulations, and it is the duty of the police to see that those regulations are obeyed." Exactly; there are more *Verbotens* than before the war and as the police have to enforce them the public gets that "sub-acid feeling." But the police do not make these prohibitions, and no more believe in them than the public. The police are, after all, only the symbols of the greatest common measure of agreement among the public, and derive their power and authority from it. But when you multiply offences which are not condemned by a public sense of wrong you multiply occasions of conflict between the public and the police, diminish their authority and make occasion for temptation and corruption. Some of these regulations are necessary; against others we have repeatedly protested, and of these we may say to the Home Secretary, "Thou art the man." Too many *Verbotens* make criminals of us all.

Another bacillus comes from America. Apparently we are not to have a unanimous report from the Savidge Commission, and while one of the Commissioners accepts Miss Savidge's account of what happened at her examination in Scotland Yard, the other two reject it. Does it greatly matter exactly what happened? Is it not enough that the young woman was taken there and treated as though she were under suspicion, whereas it was in fact the police themselves who were under suspicion? Police have their rights like other members of the community, but we are in real danger of forgetting that they are the servants of the public and derive all their authority from their protection of common rights, security and decency. The interest of the Money case in Hyde Park does not in the least depend on the details. It depends on whether the instructions given to the police in Hyde Park require them to act as moral censors and to search out improprieties or simply to act as the guardians of public decency. Directly there is the least doubt whether impropriety has been committed, no impropriety has been committed for police purposes; for clearly there can have been no outrage on public decency if there is room for argument about what has happened. The decision of the magistrate is unquestionable, and for the police to attempt to clear themselves after the magistrate has acquitted is to set mere police regulations against the clearest and most elementary principle

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of justice that no man can be tried twice for the same offence.

Or, again, take the Pace case. The Attorney-General refused to discuss the case this week on the ground that as Mrs. Pace had been acquitted after a fair trial the less said the better. He was right in declining to discuss the question of compensation, but surely to torture a woman for months who is not only innocent but against whom there is so little real ground of suspicion that the defence is not even called upon to state its case cannot be considered to be a perfectly normal example of British justice, and some explanation is called for. That these things should happen shows that there has been some alarming disturbance in the relations between the police and the public.

If Lord Byng's appointment means that the Home Secretary is alarmed at these evidences and is determined to make the necessary reforms, it will be a great stroke for our liberties. He said a very true thing when he insisted on the duty of complete sympathy and understanding between the people and its police, and that without this understanding the best police force in the world is quite incapable of performing its task in an immense population like that of the London area. But let him make no mistake about the causes of the coldness. They are not in the rank and file of the force, but in the ideas that prevail at the top, not in the lapses of individuals, but in the system and in a theory of police work which is to a great extent a legacy of the war.

## THE GUEST OF THE PERIOD

ONE gate too many has been crashed, and the whole question of gate-crashing has suddenly been brought to a head. That the question of what to do with one's friends' friends when they arrive uninvited should be publicly discussed is well enough. Indeed, having long exercised the minds of hostesses, it is overdue for discussion in general terms. We must decline to discuss it with reference to particular victims or intentional or inadvertent offenders, and here we would make a point which all the journalistic and social commentators of the last few days seem to have missed. If it is a sign of degeneration in manners that persons of good social standing should go to a private entertainment utterly unbidden or at the bidding of another and invited guest, is it not also a sign of the same degeneration that hostesses should be willing, even eager, to give publicity to awkward social incidents occurring at such private entertainments? What happens at, say, Casterbridge House on a private occasion is a matter of concern to Lord and Lady Casterbridge, their bidden guests, and the circle of their acquaintances. So far as it illustrates a social tendency, it may also be matter for public consideration in general terms. But is it of necessity a matter to place, with the utmost particularity as to names and incidents, before the entire public? It seems to us that the gates barred against uninvited guests ought not to open to Press reporters. The proper punishment for a social offence committed in private is social disfavour shown in private, not the use of the public prints.

But that a large proportion of those who appear, even with invitations, at social gatherings deserve punishment of some sort is plain enough. They come as if conferring a favour and exempted from all obligation. They bring with them those who have not been bidden, and who may even be total strangers to host and hostess. They treat the house as if it were part of an hotel. Their unextinguished cigarette-ends char mantelpieces and tables and burn holes in carpets. And, having arrived at the moment of their convenience, they leave exactly when it suits them, without having contributed anything to the general social good and often without even outward courtesy to their hostess. A short experience of them will cure any hostess of a passion for entertaining, unless she be of the rare type that delights in handing over her house to a mob and finding half her household treasures injured.

Such guests exist in large numbers, and a revolt against them is the condition of the survival of hospitality. But who created the guest of the period? Was it not to a certain extent the laxity of the hostess of the period that brought that creature to the present stage of gilded hooliganism? All our sympathies are with suffering hostesses, but some of them have thought in late years to have it both ways, to abandon restraints and yet be able to impose them again. One hostess, out of indolence or good nature, crams three-fourths of her parties by asking only a few guests directly and telling them to bring along anyone they like; yet she wants the other fourth of her parties to be strictly for those invited. Another hostess habitually issues "and partner" invitations to dances, to save herself trouble, or because she fears that some fastidious dancers will not come to her dances if they have to take the luck of the evening. A third fondly imagines that she can organize indecorum and yet maintain decorum, and would stickle for etiquette at a pyjama party. A fourth hostess one week gives a bottle party, putting a face of playfulness on her nasty economy, and the next laments that at her more formal party a man produced a flask from his pocket.

Now all this gate-crashing, jostling, gabbing, sabotage at the buffet, scrimmaging in the cloakroom, all the buffoonery of pyjama and bottle parties, has one serious aspect. It gives an opportunity for legitimate criticism by those who are the enemies not merely of society in the special sense but of society in the widest. If good birth, good education, position, money do not enable those enjoying such advantages to find better recreations than mafficking in houses to which they may or may not have been invited, and Mayfair has become a social bear-garden, there is every excuse for despising the class indulging in such coarse follies. It is well enough "known to those who know" that there are still great houses into which persons are not conducted by someone who knows someone else who once had an invitation, in which there are no silly orgies, in which conviviality has grace and conversation intelligence. But a public that knows the social life of Mayfair only by reports in the Press and the resulting tittle-tattle cannot be expected to discriminate. To play into the hands of the traducers of society ought to be treated as

treachery to society. It is, however, not only the guest of the period who has been guilty of it. By all means let there be exclusion of gate-crashers; but let it be accompanied by boycott of hostesses who vulgarize hospitality. And let private incidents be dealt with in private. Even the worst delinquents in society are entitled to trial by their peers, and should not be made through the Press subjects of discussion at wheel-stalls. For the discussion will not be confined to the sins of particular sinners.

## THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

*House of Commons, Thursday*

THE Comedy of Westminster is nearing the end of its run this season; members begin to feel jaded; thoughts turn instinctively away from the tangles of Rating and Valuation to the freedom and the freshness that will be the reward of mind and body in a few weeks' time. In an atmosphere thus charged, Governments and party whips, themselves not least immune from sentiments so human, seek safety in moderating their demands upon their followers, and forestall impatience by wise accommodation. Nevertheless this end-of-term feeling has not prevented the past week from recording a certain amount of liveliness. At question time, Lord Byng, Mrs. Pace and the Minister of Labour have each in turn been the cause of brisk and noisy scenes. None of them, however, has ruffled the new Speaker. He has made it quite plain by now that he does not intend to allow question time to be wasted by a lengthy fire of supplementary questions on every topic raised; and when he calls on the next question he insists quietly that he shall be obeyed. The House generally has welcomed this firmness, for it is obviously in the interests of other members that the limited time available should not be taken up by debates on a few early questions.

The solid business of the week has been the completion of the Committee stage of the Rating and Valuation (Apportionment) Bill and the passing of the Agricultural Credits Bill. The former Bill, which of course begins the second, the definitive, stage of the Government's rating proposals, occupied Thursday and most of Monday. The guillotine time-table helped to make the debates short and to the point; and once again it was shown what a formidable half-section the Government possesses in Mr. Neville Chamberlain and Sir Kingsley Wood at the Ministry of Health. Mr. Chamberlain is such a master of his subject that his explanations cover the ground so lucidly and so completely as to leave few points of attack open to his opponents; and if they do venture upon the field of criticism or challenge, they surely fall into the hands of Sir Kingsley Wood, who first regards his prey with a benign smile and then dissects them with the imperturbable skill of a surgeon, often with the aid of an uncanny memory for the past speeches and sins of his critics, especially those of Mr. Lloyd George.

The supporters of the Government, who are beginning to find that it is not an easy matter to explain these complicated proposals to their constituents, must wish that they could have at every meeting the support of these two skilled and persuasive Ministers. Frequently on this Bill and on the Agricultural Credits Bill, which received a third reading without a division, Liberals and sometimes Labour members supported the Government, which indicates that there must be some points of merit in them in spite of copious denunciations.

On Friday the House had a rollicking farce. The

Tote Bill, still a private member's Bill, emerged from its prolonged agony in a Standing Committee to undergo further humiliation on the floor of the House. It can hardly have been expected to make swift progress: at any rate it made very little. The hero of the opposition to it was Mr. Hayday, the Labour member for Nottingham. Mr. Hayday is known to go in for quantity, and certainly on Friday he lived up to his reputation. He monopolized the debate as Mr. George Robey monopolizes his revue; he enjoyed himself, too, and he did not bore or annoy the House. In fact it was the one effective piece of opposition that has been done this session; and it has achieved the result of putting a very awkward problem to the Government. The Government had intended to take up the Bill in its later stages, but the successful opposition on Friday has shown them that it will consume a considerable amount of time. Those who fear that its adoption may alienate the support of both minister and bookmaker have thus a practical argument added to their case. The issue thus presented still remains unresolved.

If Mr. Hayday has been the George Robey, the Home Secretary has been the Edgar Wallace of the session. From time to time he has broken the monotony of Parliament by the presentation of some sensational drama; and a thrill always passes along the benches when he is seen to enter with mien most serious, cravat most carefully tied, and tailcoat, or, on big first nights, frock coat, most perfectly fitted, carrying a sheaf of documents of which the popular Press has usually published an intelligent forecast. His best-known pieces have been 'The Hyde Park Affair' (still running) and 'The Arcos Raid'; there have been innumerable shorter sketches dealing generally with Russian gold or some sordid aspect of the underworld. This week a new thriller was presented—'The Byng Case.' The preliminary announcements promised that this would show Jix at his best, but the debate on Wednesday proved rather disappointing. Neither side had a very exciting case, though Jix put in some interesting padding when he told us of the various people he had asked to become Police Commissioner, including a business friend of his own, before he asked Lord Byng. Mr. O'Connor did his best to provide a thrill by making a strong attack on the police, both high and low. But in the end the matter rested thus: the Home Secretary maintained that he had appointed the best man he could find; the Opposition said he should have appointed the best policeman he could find.

No account of this week at Westminster would be complete if it did not mention the cormorant. A cormorant was seen on three different days perched on the topmost spike of Big Ben's tower. Whose cormorant was it? Did it belong to Jix? Would it be derated? Was it acting for Scotland Yard? These were some of the questions which bothered members in the breaks between school hours.

During the week the House heard with regret of the death of Mr. Rose, Labour member for Aberdeen. He was not an ordinary back bencher; he occupied a unique position in the House, which he owed to his independence and originality. He sometimes spoke fearlessly against the views of his party and was out of tune with them on many things: he took a special interest in airship policy, and lost no opportunity of condemning the Government for persisting with the construction of the two airships now building. But whenever he spoke, his listeners heard something humorous from him, and on occasions he convulsed them all with laughter. The Comedy has lost one of its most original players.

FIRST CITIZEN



## THE STATE AND THE SUBJECT

## II

IT has been seen that even when Crown and subject are opposed in the ordinary courts the subject is but ill-protected against the armoury of weapons which can be used against him. It needs a particularly well-aimed stone or a singular stroke of fortune to lay Goliath by the heels. But a new and startling tendency in modern legislation is threatening to deprive the unhappy subject even of that precarious right of appeal to the judicature which he still possesses.

The individualistic doctrine of the nineteenth century has everywhere given way to the dogma of State interference. Nothing is more noteworthy in the legislative activity of the last twenty years than the ever-increasing number of statutes which seek to regulate or control the action of the individual in favour of the "general good." Even in 1888 Maitland could say that "we are becoming a much-governed country." Could he revisit the England of to-day, he would say with Lambard that "our backs are being broken not with loads, but with stacks of statutes." Year after year the Statute-book groans with the weight of Acts relating to education, to housing, to public health, to poor law relief, to local government, to old age pensions; all of which involve, to a lesser or a greater degree, interference with the ordinary activity of the individual.

Into the merits of these acts and the justification for State interference in general we are fortunately not called upon to enter. But, whatever be the advantages of the present system, it is worth while pausing to note the cost at which they are obtained. It has become common form, whenever an Act is passed which involves interference with the legal rights of individuals, to insert a section providing that any grievance of which the subject complains shall not be examined by His Majesty's judges in the ordinary way, but that the complaint shall be made only to the particular Minister who is charged with the operation of the Act. In other words, the Government Department is at once defendant and judge: it may prescribe the conditions of complaint and, in its own discretion, condescend or not to hear what the complainant has to say: it may sit *in camera* and eventually, without stating its reasons, issue an order from which there is no appeal. For a full exposure of the many remarkable instances of bureaucratic control afforded by modern Acts of Parliament, reference may be made to Professor Morgan's brilliant Introduction to Dr. Robinson's work on Public Authorities and Legal Liability; but one or two illustrations may bring home to the reader the importance and urgency of the problems involved. It will be noticed that, where this is possible, the judges attempt to keep the powers of the bureaucracy within reasonable bounds. The Common Law is a jealous god and suffers rivals only if it must. But an Act of Parliament may not be questioned in any court, and if the orders of the Minister are indeed justified by the language of the Statute under which he purported to act, the judges can do no more than register a pious protest and dismiss the appeal.

The Housing Act of 1909 authorizes a local authority to make a closing order in respect of any house within its district if it considers that it is unfit for human habitation. If the owner of a house in respect of which such an order is made is unreasonable enough to cavil at this interference with his rights of property, he may not appeal to the ordinary Courts, but only to the Minister of Health, whose ruling is final. It has been held by the House of Lords, on the wording of this Act, that the order of the Minister cannot be impugned on the ground that it does not disclose which of the Minister's many officials in fact decided the appeal, and that the applicant has no right either to be heard

orally by the deciding officer nor to make himself acquainted with the grounds of complaint made against him. (*Local Government Board v. Arlidge.*)

Our old friend D.O.R.A. provides many illustrations of the conduct of which complaint is made. One of the grossest examples of attempted interference with the liberty of the subject, but one which, fortunately, the Courts found themselves able to control, is to be found in the case of *Chester v. Bateson*, decided in 1920. A Regulation, purporting to be made under the provisions of the Defence of the Realm Act, provided that any person who, without the consent of the Minister of Munitions, dared to take proceedings to recover possession of his own house while a munition worker happened to be living in it, should be guilty of a criminal offence. The Divisional Court had no difficulty, in this instance, in deciding that the Regulation could not possibly aid in the defence of the realm and was therefore not justified by the provisions of the Act under which it had been made. Lord Darling, in giving judgment, said:

Should we hold that the permit of a departmental official is a necessary condition precedent for a subject of the realm who would demand justice at the seat of judgment, the people would be in that unhappy condition indicated, but not anticipated by Montesquieu, where he writes: "Les Anglais pour favoriser la liberté ont ôté toutes les puissances intermédiaires qui formoient leur monarchie. Ils ont bien raison de conserver cette liberté; s'ils venoient à la perdre, ils seroient un des peuples les plus esclaves de la terre."

Two more recent examples may be added. In the Pensions Act of 1925, on which the present Chancellor of the Exchequer lays so much stress as indicative of the Conservative Party's willingness to outbid its Socialist opponents, a section, obscurely tucked away in the internal gloom of the Statute, gives the Minister of Health (who seems to be the general repository for the more outrageous proposals) the power, by Order, "to do anything which appears to be necessary or expedient for bringing this Act into operation, and any such Order may modify the provisions of this Act so far as may appear necessary or expedient for carrying the order into effect." In other words, if the Minister finds that the provisions of the Act make it somewhat difficult for him to carry out the purposes of his Order, he may alter them or vary them or upset them with complete impunity. Rarely has this country seen such an example of the self-denying ordinance of Parliament. Lord Hewart referred to a section of similar import, but contained in the Rating Act of 1925, as the "high-water mark of bureaucratic legislation"; but it is difficult to say to what heights the flood-tide of Socialism may not rise, unless a stout bulwark is speedily erected by the good sense of the average citizen.

Finally, it is well to remind the reader of the proposal recently made by the Minister of Health to include in the text of the Rating and Valuation Bill of 1928, a clause authorizing him, if uncertain of the meaning of his Act, to obtain an advisory opinion from the judges and so to meet the subject who may afterwards desire to challenge the accuracy of the Minister's interpretation with a *fait accompli*. For a precedent for such a proposal it is necessary to go back as far as the Stuarts; but it was supported with the whole debating power of the Government, including Lord Birkenhead, "who had abandoned the profession of the law and ceased either to speak its language or to think its thoughts." It was only after the clearest expressions of disapproval on the part of the judges that the clause was withdrawn and the attempt to make the Judiciary the slave of the Executive abandoned. But what was this time mercifully stopped may on another occasion slip through unheeded.

The truth is that modern Government Departments are attempting to recover, through the subservience of the Legislature, all the extraordinary powers and privileges of which the Crown was only deprived after the constitutional struggles of the seventeenth century.

In the many bureaucratic tribunals which are being set up by statute after statute are to be found the modern Courts of Star Chamber and of High Commission, with all the instruments of inquisitorial procedure, save, indeed, that of physical torture, for which the older courts were justly attacked. In one respect, indeed, the position of the modern citizen is worse than that of his ancestor of the Stuart period. The Parliament, which then fought his battles and defeated the common enemy, has now gone over to the other side, and only the common lawyers are left to raise the standard of liberty. It will, moreover, be observed that the great majority of Socialistic statutes have been passed under the ægis of a Conservative Government. "If these things be done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?"

### EXPERT MEDICAL EVIDENCE

INTELLIGENT readers of the newspapers cannot but be disturbed by the violently conflicting inferences drawn, and asserted with uncompromising assurance, by medical witnesses called upon to give expert evidence in our Courts of Law. From agreed facts these rival experts draw conclusions not merely divergent but directly antithetic; and it is hard to see how judge or jury, without medical knowledge and medical experience, can hope to decide on just grounds between them. Expert witnesses differ from ordinary witnesses in both function and privilege. They are called upon not merely to describe what they have seen or heard, but also to advise the court as to the inferences rightly to be drawn from their observation and from the sworn evidence of other witnesses. To that extent they assume judicial functions. For all practical purposes they are advising as to the proper verdict. Doubtless, for this reason it is considered the duty of a medical witness to maintain an attitude of entire detachment and impartiality; to expound science much as a judge is supposed to expound law. A barrister is paid to be a partisan. It is considered his duty to throw the weight of his knowledge and ability to one side only of the matter in dispute. It is his business to elicit and set out such part of the truth as favours his client, much as the advertisement writer designs his copy. It is obvious that there are many matters relevant to equitable legal decisions on which the average jury and the average judge are quite incompetent to express an opinion. Without technical guidance, it is clear that an average city jury could not decide, for example, whether a horse were six or sixteen years old; or whether a sample of milk contained its due measure of cream. In instances like these, however, the veterinary surgeon or the analyst would be called upon to give what may legitimately be termed evidence of facts observed by a specially trained mind.

Mere "opinion," in the ordinary sense of that word, hardly enters into it. When the analyst tells us that so much arsenic was found in this or that organ, his figures may well be accepted. Probably no expert would dispute them. When the medical expert tells us that the proved symptoms of a man's illness are such as might result from a named cause, there is, as a rule, little room for genuine difference of opinion among those competent to express one. But, recently, the official experts have gone far beyond this. They essay to tell us the whole physiological and pathological history of a man whom they have never seen alive; not as a piece of possible and reasonably plausible reconstruction, but with a dogmatic certainty and minuteness of detail such as one rarely feels justified in expressing about a directly observed fact of last week.

Doctors themselves must often be amazed at the dogmatic cocksureness expressed by official scientific witnesses in legal cases involving the life or death of an accused person. Rarely, indeed, does even the most experienced physician or surgeon feel this measure of certainty in unravelling the pathological problems presented by his own patients. One can only imagine that some of these distinguished experts, realizing that, so far as the particular case is concerned, theirs is the last word of science, are unconsciously constrained to take a definite line on which action can be based; as a surgeon is frequently obliged to do, gambling on probabilities. Both patients and accused persons are entitled to the benefit of the doubt; but, whereas a surgical operation may well be the materialization of the benefit in the one case, the attentions of the executioner can hardly be so considered in the other. Rightly or wrongly, however, many intelligent members of the public have come to believe that official experts are apt to be infected by the legal atmosphere in which so much of their lives is spent, and to use their technical knowledge rather to support conclusions already arrived at than impartially to assist the administrators of justice.

Fortunately for the public interest, both judges and juries have come to take these *ex cathedra* pronouncements of professional witnesses with generous sprinklings of salt. And, although Lord Justice Scrutton was technically right in characterizing as "unfortunate" Mr. Justice Lush's direction to the jury in the Harnett Case, when, after summarizing the conflicting evidence of the medical witnesses, he asked "Which do you believe?" many people will feel that Judge Lush's question embodied both common sense and the general opinion. In fact, were the expert evidence given in many a modern court submitted, as was that in the celebrated case of Smethurst, who was convicted of the murder of Isabella Banks, to an impartial medical arbitrator for an independent opinion, it might well be summed up, as Sir Benjamin Brodie summed up the medical evidence in that case, as presenting "six reasons for believing the prisoner to be guilty, and eight for doubting that conclusion." Which recalls a case quoted by Mr. H. H. Joy, K.C., in which a medical witness at an inquest giving equal support to lightning and foul play, led a bewildered jury to return a verdict of "Death from a visitation of God under suspicious circumstances."

As readers of Mr. C. A. Mitchell's entertaining book, 'The Expert Witness,' will know, the malign possibilities of prejudiced medical evidence are no twentieth-century novelty. In the celebrated trial of Rose Cullender and Amy Duny on the charge of witchcraft, it was undoubtedly the expert evidence of Sir Thomas Browne—then practising as a doctor at Norwich—that the paroxysms of the children alleged to be afflicted were due to "the subtlety of the devil co-operating with the witches at whose instances he doth these villainies," which led to the conviction and execution of the two unfortunate women.

Expert evidence is especially dangerous when employed by the Crown or by a rich litigant in a suit against a poor defendant, unable to pay for equally impressive counterbalancing witnesses. In the classic trial of Spencer Cowper, the grandfather of the poet, who was charged at the Hertford Assizes with murdering a young lady with whom he was friendly, a number of distinguished medical witnesses from London gave evidence for the Crown that the girl must have been murdered and then thrown into the river on which she was found floating; the argument being that "it is contrary to nature that any persons that drowned themselves should float upon water." Fortunately for his neck, Cowper was able to produce ten leading physicians, including Sir Hans Sloane, to state the opposite.



Anyone whom either curiosity or duty has led to pay frequent visits to the London County Courts, when Workmen's Compensation cases and actions for damages in respect of accidents are being heard, must have been struck by the appearance over and over again of the same expert medical witnesses. The experienced onlooker can tell in advance of the hearing to which side the expert knowledge and judgment of each has led him. Diverse as the facts in the several cases would appear to a mere listener or looker-on, they invariably lead one group of impartial experts into one camp—that of the defendant insurance company—and the other group of equally impartial experts into the other camp—over which floats the flag of the trade union, the speculative lawyer or the compensation claimant. Cynics may be allowed a fleeting smile.

The professional witness—who makes a business of giving expert evidence in the courts—is a comparatively new product of evolution. As has been said, the admission of expert witnesses is justified on the ground that by virtue of their technical training and experience they are, when certain issues arise, in a position to advise judges and juries who have not those advantages. But if, as frequently happens, conflicting expert evidence is given, it is difficult to see how judge and jury are assisted in coming to a just conclusion. Such conflict leaves them, so far as the fundamental issues are concerned, exactly where they were. The moral would seem to be that where expert evidence is given and is disputed, an expert assessor is absolutely necessary if that evidence is to be admitted as relevant. *Quis custodiat ipsos custodes?*

QUAERO

(To be concluded)

## HERE AND THERE

BY GERALD BULLETT

IN my childhood I conceived the notion that we live, each one of us, a double life: a life of which the two parts are at once more distantly related and more intimately dovetailed than those of any imaginable Jekyll and Hyde career. Sleeping and waking I supposed to be not two processes but two aspects of the same process. To fall asleep "here" is to wake "there." My head sinks gratefully into the pillow, and the world dissolves; and at that very moment, on another plane or planet, I rub my waking eyes and begin a new day, resuming, without thought or sense of strangeness, the life in which my sleep—my waking life here—has been a quiescent interval. No knowledge encumbers me there of what I am, of what I do and suffer, here; at worst, or at best, I am pursued by fantastic-seeming memories, fragments of dream which do no more than delicately modify the shot-silk colours of existence. Sharp, if illusive, is the separation of these lives; for, though each is presumably hidden in the subconsciousness of the other, stowed away at the bottom of that capacious knapsack, in effect they are rather two self-contained rooms with the swing door called sleeping-and-waking, waking-and-sleeping, pivoted between them. Here, it may be, I am a clown, there a god; or here a poet, and there a dullard; or here an ordinary honest fellow, and there another ordinary honest fellow. As to that, there is no knowing, and there can be no knowing. And in which of these lives am I more truly myself? In neither, says Logic (we will hear the Heart later); for both are equally mine, notwithstanding that I here am a stranger to me there, and I there a stranger to me here.

A plausible theory, and made, by the very terms of its definition, conveniently proof against disproof. We are free, then, to follow our fancy, and to ask our-

selves, at intervals during the day: How much of this day of mine is present in the dreams of that other me who now lies sleeping? Does that I—does he—see it all, moment by moment, faintly shadowed as upon a luminous screen? Do the images of my terror march in his mind? Does he hear the beating wings of my ecstasies? When I walk on the Downs, does he dream of these green contours, this sunlight, this sea wind? I weep: do tears fall on his pillow? Surely something must reach him of the life that to me seems so brightly, so crudely actual. For it cannot be that his brain, in sleep, is utterly insensitized; it remains at the least an instrument, a keyboard upon which the fingers of my experience here play either a continuous and complex chronicle, or, falling idly and as if by chance, find, fumbling perhaps, a few significant chords. Whether coherent or chaotic, mingling with that music in the sleeper's mind are echoes of his own waking life, just as I to my own dreams involuntarily contribute snatches of daily experience. The result will be a most curious medley, of which, upon waking, he may remember much or little, but seldom, I think, all; for there is reason to suppose that I myself never remember all I dream.

When I wake in the morning, you may say (pursuing this fancy still), he on that instant falls asleep. Dawn is at my window, but I turn my back on her, resolutely closing my eyes, and if I do for a moment get back into sleep, he, as if by the sound of my eyelids' closing, is jerked into wakefulness again. He tosses on his bed and woos sleep by whatever devices are the custom of his country, counting sheep through a gate, reciting verses, conjuring strange pictures in the mind, diligently weaving fantasy upon fantasy. At the second knock on my door I wake: he falls asleep. I jump out of bed: he sleeps soundly. I plunge into my cold bath, and he sleeps soundlier still. And if I keep wide awake all day, he will rise the more refreshed in his morning, when I retire for my night's rest. As I descend the stairs a faint exquisite blend of smells rises to meet me, and my mind forms an image of the breakfast-table, of which coffee is the chief symbol and the crowning glory. So slight an experience, you may say, can scarcely penetrate to that other world, that sleeper in myself; and yet I fancy him smiling to find his dream grow unaccountably so pleasant. He does not know the reason; nor ask it. He is not subjectively aware of himself in sleep; if he appears at all it is but as one of the characters in a drama; for your dream, being purely introspective, does not admit of further introspection; without knowing it, you are already inside yourself, exploring a mysterious uncharted region where anything, conceivable or inconceivable, may at any moment happen. In his dream my coffee may be translated into terms of his own world (and I cannot believe that it gains by translation as much as it must lose); eggs and bacon may become ambrosia; and the small clear music of my crockery may be confused in his mind with the tinkling sheep bells that I shall presently hear from the green hills surrounding me. For to-day I shall take the road to Didling, passing on the way the little shrine that shows Saint Christopher, in painted wood, carrying the holy child. Cowslips, primroses, bluebells, pheasant's eyes, hawthorn, yellow-hammer, hedge-warbler—these will decorate my path with colour and song. And I shall take tea at the house of old Mrs. Hornbeam whose sister kept a public in Islington nigh forty year. . . I wonder what he, when he wakes, will make of that part of the dream. Imagine him at his breakfast table, perhaps an hour after I am fast asleep, trying to unravel, for his own amusement rather than for that of his bored but polite audience, the tangle of nonsense the night has bequeathed him.

Since there can be neither confirmation nor denial of these fancies, I choose to suppose that he—the I there—is a wonderful, charming, infinitely happy being

who breathes freedom as his native air. His benevolence is all-embracing; his charity knows no measure; the flame of his delight is never quenched. Perhaps the only shadow in his life is the fact that he, since I here take the lion's share of waking, must needs waste sixteen hours out of every twenty-four in sleep, and in dreams; dreams which—for now I assume that he sees and remembers all—mirror forth to him the adventures of this poor earthling, ignorant, enslaved, incapable of lasting happiness, which he is obliged to carry about with him (muffled under the cloak of sub-consciousness) even in his celestial country. And when this fellow, the I here, wakes, he there must resign his kingliness to sleep, and remain more than half at my mercy until some accident, or some pulse of life too strong for me, shall restore him to his own. Small wonder that he yearns for the moment when the tangle of this duplicity shall be unravelled, and he—by a miracle that spells death for me here—shall cast aside for ever the gross burden of sleep.

Thus far my fancy, pursued further, no doubt, than ever I pursued it as a child. The mystics and the professional optimists will applaud me, I am sure, though with a touch of condescension remarking: "But, of course! What you have laboriously imagined, we *knew*. There is no death: what seems so is transition," says the poet. Your Higher Self. . . But alas!—the relation between fancies and facts remains undetermined, indeterminable; we cannot feel our way to truth, or, if we can, we cannot know when we have found it. These fancies, as we have agreed, are plausible; but truth, for all we know or can know, may be quite the reverse of plausible. And I for one see no reason to suppose the cosmos to be so spick and span, the cosmic arrangements so neat and natty, as our neo-Platonists, for example, would have us believe. But truth, happily, is not now our quarry. Having for a while parted company with our intellectual conscience, we are free to indulge fancy to the top of her bent and to spin whatever kind of universe shall most hospitably entertain us and most easily accommodate our personal luggage: our desires, sentiments, prejudices, heroics, paltriness, and poetry; and, in especial, our monstrously naïve persuasion that everything has been designed expressly for our comfort—if not here, then hereafter.

In such a mood it becomes easy to doubt the identity of soul and body. For have you never experienced that strange, exalted, liberating sensation of being an immortal spirit, housed, as though by accident or whim, in a local and perishable body? Your mind ranges through time and space; you remember your childhood, your youth; you look back upon last year, last week, yes, even upon yesterday, as upon a tale that is told; and your sense of personal continuity, your winged imagination, contradicts the suggestion that you, you yourself, are indissolubly one with your body. These hands and feet, this stomach, this mechanical monster of flesh and blood and bones—how does it chance, you ask, that I, with my enduring flame of consciousness, my subtle apprehensions and insatiable thirst for beauty, am shackled to so grotesque a thing? And, feeling so, you will find solace, I hope, in the idea that there lives in you this other, this god, whose life (it is your own life) is as much larger and freer than yours here as yours here is larger and freer than that of your own dog. Such an idea gives a new meaning to the bantering remark with which we sometimes chide a tiresome junior: "You're a very good child when you're asleep." It opens up, too, a world of conjecture about the causes of sleeping and waking. You are awakened here perhaps by a barking dog, or a step in the corridor, or a voice announcing your shaving water. And when during the day an unaccountable drowsiness overcomes you, may it not be because in that other world you are waking, joyfully, at the touch of the unknown lover?

## TRAVELESE

BY ROSE MACAULAY

THE time of the year has again come round when we read literature written in the remarkable prose style selected by most of those who describe the places which they have visited and of which they would inform us. I am attached to this style; it is connected with all the felicities of remembered and anticipated travel, and affects me with the charming emotion evoked in me by those coloured hotel labels that bloom like brilliant flowers upon my suit cases.

The travelse language has two dialects—that used by professional guide books, such as Baedeker and Muirhead, and that other, more chatty and efflorescent, adopted in those many volumes of delighted record which are the fruit of the annual holidays of mankind. It is normally the style of those whose trade writing is not, and who are impelled to write by the lust to tell others where they have been, which is a natural human lust like hunger or any other.—("Show Mr. Jones our picture post cards, dear.")—They adopt for this purpose what they believe to be the correct and sanctioned idiom. When professional writers write travel books, they do not use this style so much; they use the style which they already have. Mr. Belloc, Mr. Norman Douglas, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, write of travel in the language they use for other themes. I have before me two books about travel in France; one is by Mr. Stephen Gwynn, the other by Mr. Emile Williams. Both deal, Mr. Williams wholly and Mr. Gwynn in part, with the regions round about Poitou, Perigord, and the Vienne and Dordogne valleys. Mr. Williams's book contains far the more detailed information; it is a triumph of careful recording and of 207 good photographs. But Mr. Gwynn writes in his usual attractive easy and scholarly style, while Mr. Williams, except when he loses it in architectural description, writes in fine travelse. The very name of his book is in this strange tongue, for it is called 'Undiscovered France.' Yes; dealing with some of the most written about, most discussed, most visited, most notoriously interesting provinces of France, it is called 'Undiscovered France.' In the same spirit, I presume, as a series of volumes on the better-known parts of the English counties are named 'Unknown Surrey' and so forth.

To be sure, every piece of country is unknown to many people; Hindhead and Wimbledon (which come, I think, into 'Unknown Surrey') are unknown to many Yorkshiremen; Sheffield (which, I dare say, comes into 'Unknown Yorkshire') is, by the grace of God, unknown to many Londoners. And, no doubt, there is no part of France which has been "discovered" (if that is the word) by everyone, not even by all Anglo-Saxons, who discover almost everywhere. But the grammatical question arises, what precisely does the prefix of negation mean, when used with a past participle? Can it be made to bear a relative and partial meaning? Must, for instance, "unwept, unhonoured and unsung" mean wept, honoured and sung by no one at all, or may it mean merely that there exist some who have not wept, honoured and sung the person in question? Is it correct to speak of undreamt-of possibilities, untold wealth, unrivalled beauty, if the possibilities have been dreamt of, the wealth told, and the beauty rivalled, by some persons and not others? It seems to me that the negation should carry an absolute sense. If the relative sense is intended the phrase should surely be completed "unknown by me," or "undiscovered by him." This prefix seems often to be used loosely, in the belief that it means "slightly," as in "uneducated," and "unselfish." But even in this sense, which might make "undiscovered" applicable to parts



of Thibet and Africa, it seems scarcely appropriate to any parts of England or France.

A small and pedantic point, no doubt. But it is a good example of the peculiar language here investigated. Another example is the frequent use of the adjective "quaint." The useful English "Little Guide" series abounds in this word. I think it must mean old. "There are many quaint old houses in this village." "A quaint touch is afforded by the ancient pump on the green." "A quaint town hall of the sixteenth century." But churches are not, for some reason, quaint, even when of the twelfth or thirteenth century. We do not read of "quaint Early English windows." I think it is mainly domestic architecture which becomes quaint when old.

The author of 'Undiscovered France' encountered many quaint things on his travels. He had also many delicious meals ("Delicious" and "delectable" are common travellese epithets). His enthusiasm is expressed in the attaching idiom of the property agent. "What a wonderful town is Angers, with its many old houses, churches, museums, the feudal castle, and other splendid monuments! Yet it is unknown to the majority of tourists." (Do French travellers, one wonders, write thus of Shrewsbury and Chester?) He goes to his hotel, which is "all very quaint and ancient," eats "a delectable dinner," and sallies forth to see the old town, for "the cult of old houses is one of our hobbies, and we shall often tarry before them." He visits Brantôme, for "Locke has described it so bewitchingly in 'The Wonderful Year' that we had determined not to miss it if ever we came within reach... We found it a little gem... We were now in Perigord, world-famed for truffes and pâtés de foie gras, both of which delicacies were bountifully provided with the excellent déjeuner which we found ready... After sipping our coffee... we sallied forth to visit the town."

Narrative is interspersed with occasional moralizings. "Yet the superficial traveller, reading only the brilliantly shallow literature of the Paris boulevards, crowding the smaller theatres where salacious plays tickle the senses, and witnessing the too free and easy morality of a goodly number of the gilded youth and the equally unmoral proletariat, thinks he knows the French, and boldly proclaims them a frivolous people, given over to excitement, love of change, and lacking all the virtues which he has taken no trouble to seek."

Analyzing the charm which this genteel and ponderous style, when I meet it in travel books, exercises on me, I find that it consists partly in its likeness to that of many of the favourite books of my childhood: 'Far Off, or Asia Described,' 'Near Home, or Europe Described,' and 'Sherlock Holmes.' I am sure that if Holmes and his friend Watson had travelled on the Continent, they would have partaken of delicious déjeuners in excellent hotels, after which they would have sallied forth to view the quaint old town. This must, I think, be the natural style in which mankind expresses itself in describing its travels. "A truly delightful land." "Besides the quaint old houses, there are numerous other survivals of antiquity in the shape of," etc. (See the Little Guide series, *passim*.) And so we wander over England, France, the world, our hearts lifted with the felicity of travel that we thus genteelly express.

But this was not always the travellers' idiom.

And towards the Sea Ocean in Ind is the Kingdom of Shithie, that is all closed with Hills... And from thence men go through little Ermony. And in that Country is an old Castle, that stands upon a Rock...

Thus Sir John Mandeville, six centuries ago. A twentieth-century traveller would be less monosyllabic. "All closed with hills" would become "surrounded by truly noble and majestic mountains." "An old castle that stands upon a rock" would be "a fine relic of antiquity in the shape of a castle, well situated on a rocky eminence."

And quite right, too. It is better that such castles, such rocks, and such mountains should come to us guarded, as it were, by this gentle and endearing patter, so that, until we have seen them, we discern their charm dimly, yet thrillingly, even as, through the agent's patter of reception rooms and extensive grounds well situate on sandy soil, we divine the house. Travese is hallowed by its associations and its enchanting themes. It has the mysterious romance of the bathing machine, that genteel ante-room to adventure.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- ¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.  
¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

### THE BODY-SNATCHERS OF FLEET STREET

SIR,—Your article was badly needed. I have always read *The Times* for the facts, a "stunt" daily (to see what the mob thinks or will think about them), and the SATURDAY REVIEW for a "considered judgment" well put. When registration of the "stunt" paper came in I registered. It is my opinion that registration was brought in to counteract the nausea of stunt journalism which the proprietors very acutely saw was coming to a head. But this blatant "publicity" over the Darlington accident insurances, which is evidently going to be the practice, added to my growing want of regard for the paper, has made me drop the paper, registration "advantages" notwithstanding.

I am, etc.,  
"OBSERVER"

SIR,—If the SATURDAY REVIEW circulates in Elysium, as I hope it does, I know of one old journalist wandering, perhaps a trifle forlornly, among the fields of asphodel who will stand himself an extra pint of nectar (the bitter sort with froth on) when he reads 'The Body-Snatchers of Fleet Street.' Years ago, when the new journalism was raising its head and the *Standard* was no more, he deplored its tendency and foretold shame and ultimate disaster. It might well have been his reincarnate spirit that was responsible for the drafting of the admirable resolution passed by the National Executive Committee of the National Union of Journalists. That journalist was William Mudford, nephew of the great editor of the same name.

Now at the risk of being considered a bore, or at the best a degenerate descendant of Mr. Dick, I would venture to assert yet once again that the ultimate cause of the decline from our old high standard of journalism is not so much the Northcliffe policy and the consequent insane competition for circulation figures as the power at the back of it, which uses this flexible instrument to forward its own sinister ends—Finance.

It may seem absurd on the face of it to suggest that the Darlington disaster and the decay of journalism have their origin in the same cause; but let this question be squarely faced: Would the last two great railway disasters have occurred or would there not, at least, have been less loss of life had the permanent way been as perfect as human skill could make it and the coaches the last word in steel construction? When one considers the potential resources of our engineering works, the skill of the technical staffs and the number of artisans available, is it not monstrous that the lives of the travelling

public should be jeopardized by inferior rolling-stock and imperfect ways because, forsooth, the railway directors are constrained, willy-nilly, to place financial obligations before safety and good service?

It is the same in Fleet Street. All this frenzied competition, blatant advertising and shameful pandering to the less amiable of human weaknesses have their origin in the subservience of journalism to the money interest. And how long will it last? Well, just as long as it suits "high finance" to keep it going or, what is more probable, until "sound finance" crashes.

In the meantime let us be humbly thankful that we still possess some incorruptible, fearless, clean journals. It would be invidious, not to say libellous, to compile a nominal roll, but I would like to be permitted to pay homage to three papers, each in its own sphere an honour to British journalism: the *SATURDAY REVIEW*, the *New Age* and the *Church Times*. From these three I derive, week by week, such comfort as is to be found in a world that seems bent on committing suicide by instalments, and going to a dishonoured grave in "a plain van" with but poor prospects of reaching Elysium.

I am, etc.,

J. S. KIRKBRIDE

#### TRIAL BY MOB

SIR,—A very serious feature of the trial of Mrs. Pace was the extent to which the mob attempted to interfere. Certainly the woman who tried to strike a Crown witness should have been arrested. This is not an isolated instance but a growing evil. Here is a list of the chief cases during the last quarter of a century in which crowds of irresponsibles have deliberately sought to hamper the prosecution and influence juries. In each case an acquittal was obtained:

- (1) Case of Robert Wood, tried for the murder of Phyllis Emily Dimmock.
- (2) Case of Robert Sievier, tried for blackmail.
- (3) Case of Pemberton Billing, tried for criminal libel.
- (4) Case of Lieut. Douglas Malcolm, tried for murder.
- (5) Case of Madame Fahmy, tried for murder.
- (6) Case of Alphonso Francis Austin Smith, tried for the murder of John Adam Tytler Derham.

Only one paper, as far as I know—the *Western Mail*—has commented severely on the disgusting behaviour of the Gloucester crowd. Things have come to a pretty pass when the Solicitor-General has to go out by the back door, and a drastic remedy should be sought. It outrages our reputation for fair play.

I am, etc.,

ARCHIBALD GIBBS

#### STREET OFFENCES

SIR,—With reference to "Lycurgus's" admirable article, confirmation as to the reckless way in which young people can be pounced upon and locked up can be found in the testimony of a retired Prison Chaplain (The Rev. E. Jervis, 'Twenty-Five Years in Six Prisons') who declares that several of the youths who had been remanded (on the charge of solicitation, etc.), and who were subsequently acquitted, did not even know what they were supposed to have done.

Similar stories have been related to me and I had thought them almost incredible.

I am, etc.,

"TAB CAN"

#### THE FUTURE OF AGRICULTURE

SIR,—In a letter of mine in your last issue, after the words "for a term not exceeding 7 years" I have omitted to add "without risk of compensation for disturbance."

The point is that after occupying a farm for twelve months the landlord can let it for 7 years—or less—without incurring the obligation to pay compensation for disturbance provided he gives a year's notice before the end of the tenancy of his intention to resume possession.

I am, etc.,

C. F. RYDER

Thurlow, Suffolk

#### AN AMERICAN LOOKS AT INDIA

SIR,—A gentleman in the town where I live, a man who has had a romantic career (born in India of English parentage, educated at Oxford, served in the Canadian Mounted Rifles in the Boer war, was a newspaper reporter in western America, and is now rector of an Episcopal church and a naturalized American citizen), recently called my attention to 'Mother India,' Miss Katherine Mayo's much-discussed book. At the same time he advised me to read Mr. E. Stanley Jones's 'The Christ of the Indian Road,' in order to soften the harsh impression I should receive from reading Miss Mayo's book. 'Mother India' impressed me as being absolutely true, but as showing only one side of the picture. However, that side of the picture is so bad that it has horrified the civilized world. The world must come to India's help with constructive criticism, not only in order to serve and to save India, but also in order to protect itself from this religious, moral, and physical plague centre of the world.

Let me say at the outset that it appears that the best interests of India will be conserved by a continuance of British rule in India. However, it seems that England must stay in India, whether she will or no. As my friend here in Cœur d'Alene says: "She has the bear by the tail, and can't let go." We all know or believe that if England were to leave India at this time, "chaos and old night" would descend upon that unhappy land. Hindus and Mohammedans would fly at each other's throats, the miseries of Brahmanic belief and practice would become strengthened, and the country would fall apart through internal dissensions, and mere religious, moral, mental, and physical prostration.

I think that Miss Mayo makes out a very good case, on the whole, for the salutary effects of England's rule in India. She emphasizes the fact that India's miseries are due to the Indians' own beliefs and practices, and that English government has succeeded to some degree in mitigating the evil effects of those beliefs and practices. It seems to me that there can be no question at all of harshness at issue in connexion with England's rule in India. Indeed, a reading of 'Mother India' might induce one to think that England has not adopted strong enough measures in India, and that she ought to step in and put down certain glaring evils and abuses by any and every means in her power. But, wisely enough, England has not adopted a "strong arm" policy in dealing with her recalcitrant and troublesome Indian charges, for she recognizes that certain religious beliefs are the root of India's troubles, and that the arm of flesh is unable to cope with religious beliefs, even with false religious beliefs.

I am, etc.,

CHARLES HOOPER

Cœur d'Alene, Idaho, U.S.A.

#### THE VIRTUES OF PROSE

SIR,—Among the evils which, according to your Reviewer, 'The Virtues of Prose' will help to discredit is "the viciousness of paraphrase." But the use of paraphrase in schools is surely not, as



suggested, to produce a rival form of expression. Its value and importance as a school exercise is rather to force the pupil to think out for himself the meaning of the prescribed passage. It is said with truth that far too much of education in schools consists of memorizing and reproducing. Paraphrasing has the special merit that it compels the pupil to reveal his mind—either he understands what he reads or he stands at once confessed. It is an acid test.

I agree with your Reviewer that sheer exactitude can result in an æsthetic quality, and I think that the Law Reports, as containing some striking examples of good prose, are far too much neglected.

I am, etc.,

THEODORE D. LOWE

Caldwell Road, West Kilbride

### ELKS AND PEACHES

SIR,—I wonder if Mr. Gerald Gould realizes how partial in truth are his observations in 'Peaches and Elks'? Partial in truth, double-edged in their capacity of wounding. "Few people appreciate the value of achievement." Its triumph makes the blood race, and in addition lifts the victor to a different plane, from which to view not merely his own field of conquest. Half unconsciously, this is recognized by all us mere readers. And really few of us care half as much about the correctness of the observer's seeing as we do about the chance of some refreshing originality from his point of view. That is the *raison d'être* of the public's eagerness to read a champion's views on most inapposite subjects.

I am, etc.,

Aix les Bains

"M."

## THE THEATRE

### TWO LEFTS AND A RIGHT

BY IVOR BROWN

*Six Stokers Who Owned the Bloomin' Earth.* By Elmer L. Greensfelder. The Gate Theatre.

*Paul Among the Jews.* By Franz Werfel. (Translation by Paul Levertoff. Published by Mowbray. 4s. and 7s. 6d.) The Stage Society.

*Passing Brompton Road.* By Jevan Brandon-Thomas. The Criterion Theatre.

AS the years go by a dramatic critic feels the menace of fogeydom. Must he not keep a ready eye for the unknown beauty, a ready ear for those cries of the heart unuttered in his youth? Assuredly he must. None the less his duty to his neighbour demands a vigilance undiminished: if it be one fault of fogeydom to be for ever deploring and denouncing and viewing-with-alarm, it is another (and no less culpable) to fall asleep. The Expressionist drama, however, for good or for ill does not permit a man to doze. I have done my best to face this novelty with endurance and even with equanimity. Might not the unknown beauty be hidden even under this tin can? But I can only confess that the latest display of left-winged frightfulness has shattered the lingering fragments of my patience. To attend the modernism of the Gate Theatre is to be reconciled to musical comedy for ever.

I surmised during my evening of tribulation that Mr. Elmer L. Greensfelder was a myth, and that the piece had been vamped up by Mr. Peter Godfrey and his team as a home-made charade in mockery of Expressionism. Unfortunately I appear to have flattered the players, since I was assured by one of them that the said Elmer exists and is operative. I

therefore suppose that Mr. Godfrey takes him for a creative artist, and that it may be said of Mr. Godfrey in the moments of his most intense æsthetic rapture, "A babbled of Greensfelder." At any rate a team of active youths was collected who consented to scramble about on a "constructivist setting" (i.e., a flight of wooden steps) and bawl out some inconsequent edicts of Mr. Greensfelder's world-survey. At the same time some young ladies were engaged to habit themselves rather scantily in what looked like coloured editions of the American cloth used to cover the tables of mess-rooms, and to contort themselves in that frenzy vaguely known as "jazz." Throw in a gramophone and some bits of a kinema-film showing the world all-of-a-dither, and you have the elements of a far from tranquil evening.

The six stokers were called Easto, Westo, and so on, and were symbolic of the nations. They were all alike because it is one of the staggering dogmas of Expressionism that people are always identical. (All clerks are Mr. Zero or Mr. One.) These haggard abstractions, in their intervals of elevation and violent motion on and around the "constructivist setting," were there to demonstrate that we all give way to temptation, that people do not lightly disarm, and similar profundities. Further, lest we should miss the point the kinema added it in a sprawling handwriting over the actors' heads. It is apparently a tenet of the very intellectual theatre that its audience is so brutishly unintelligent that the portrayed action must have a label to explain it. As for the kinema effects, they were precisely equivalent to the picture post-cards of seaside resorts in which the pier is dancing in the sea and the hotels are swooning on the promenade beneath the caption "Shrimpton—after closing time" or some such shaft of wit. I submit to the "Gate" that there is useful and important work to be done by little theatres if the police will permit it. I submit to the playgoer who wants left-wing experiment that the Gate Theatre has earned its keep in the past and may do so again. At the same time I do ask the directors to remember that Expressionism is dead in its own headquarters, and ought by now to be dismissed as stale and pretentious drivel even in Greenwich Village.

To spend a sweltering July afternoon in the company of the more hirsute and verbose members of the Sanhedrin is not my idea of æstival ecstasy. Still, even in January, I do not think that I should have warned to Franz Werfel's Pauline chronicle. The fault of the play is not so much Paul as lack of Paul. The man appears to have been one of nature's bishops, born to gas and gaiters as the epistles fly outward. He was bold, crafty, diligent, cantankerous, a passionate organizer, and an unquenchable controversialist. What terrors of classroom tedium did I not suffer under his dogmatic communications as a boy! And now, in later life, he catches me again on a hot afternoon and makes me listen to infinities of high-priestly expostulation. Yet, being big, he ought to be interesting. In this play we do not see the bigness of his maturity but only the convert still suffering from a considerable "hang-over" after his Damascene neurosis. The bulk of this piece concerns the rabbinical indignation that so useful a hand on the stoning-field should have gone over to the Nazarene. Assorted elders oozed rhetoric about the Law. They only confirmed my opinion that the ancient Jews, with their eternal self-torturings and their morbid moanings and pompous law-givings and intense disregard of any decent human notions of happiness, must have been intolerable company. No wonder the man of Tarsus became the Apostle to the Gentiles. If this be Jerusalem, O to be at Athens! Fortunately there were in the play some sound Roman cynicism and a ripe Roman procurator to relieve the groanings of Gamaliel and the bronchial barkings of the High Priest. When such elders and he-ancients

are let loose on the stage, bearded to the waist and boring to the marrow, I am driven to wonder whether it was really so bad as all that. Possibly; and if so, perhaps we should be reminded of the fact in order that we may rejoice in our assurance of some progress achieved. But I doubt if that were Herr Werfel's motive in writing the play, Mr. Levertoff's in translating it, or Mr. Norman Marshall's in producing it. They must all have seen some intense cosmic significance in the tribal bickerings of a small Roman dependency in A.D. 40. For me the Roman was the only companionable character, but I liked the acting of Mr. John Lawrie and Mr. Robert Speaight as SS. James and Barnabas. Mr. Marshall had worked hard on the production under obvious difficulties, and Mr. James Whale had helped him with his effective setting. But what can a man do against the Sanhedrin?

After two such arid experiences of the "left-wing" theatre, there was a reassuring homeliness about the very name of Brompton Road. Mr. Brandon-Thomas, when he takes us west of Hyde Park Corner, does not mistake himself for one of the prophets: we are not obliged to call at the Brompton Oratory. His trifle is impenitently conservative, a "right wing" brevity for Miss Tempest to exhibit, expand, and illumine. She is the busy little snob whom recognition passes by, toil she never so hard at her snobbery and demonstrative good works. Even as the trains rush through Brompton Road not heeding its platform, which surely is as attractive as any other, so do the Great ignore the existence of poor Mrs. Sloane. She determines that a scandalous divorce alone will bring her reputation, ignorant, apparently, that a Puritanical Parliament has just robbed the matrimonial litigants of their poundsworth of publicity and the public of its two-pennyworth of rich Sunday reading matter. However, on she goes in her quest of fame. Puzzle, find the co-respondent: in farce you choose the fat, virtuous, and phlegmatic friend of the family and hound him into sin; then, of course, the original husband must detail himself with a lady solicitor who has come in to provide the evidence. To this pattern of nonsense Miss Tempest brings her unquenchable hilarity, her firmness of comic parry and thrust, and her unquestionable style. It is wonderful to watch her whisking a play of this order into a soufflé of wit and manners.

Mr. Graham Browne's production is, like his own acting, a lesson in economy, not the financial kind, but the thrift which makes a turn of the eye into a turn of the farcical screw; there may only be a shrug of the shoulders, but you see in it more action than in those pieces where half the characters are under the bed and the rest hidden in cupboards. Mr. Evelyn Roberts acts well in a good part, while Miss Ursula Jeans and Miss Louise Hampton do as much for silly ones. Call at Brompton Road.

## MUSIC

### THE RUSSIAN BALLET

WHATEVER else may happen on a Monday night at His Majesty's Theatre, there is sure to be a surprise for the audience. The surprise may be no more than amazement at the silliness and insignificance of M. Diaghilev's latest piece, or it may be the quite delightful shock of having expectation cheated by a reversion to the usual conventions, or it may be wonder at some new piece of stage-craft, by which a novel aspect of the beautiful is presented to us. We have experienced all three of these surprises in as many weeks.

'Apollo Musagetes' was ineffective, lacking in beauty and even in choreographic invention—unless it be invention for M. Lifar to clasp and unclasp his hands very rapidly—and the music was utterly unworthy of a composer of Stravinsky's standing. It is all written in the style of that curious passage for the lower strings in 'Pulcinella,' which is so effective by contrast with the brilliance of the rest of that ballet. But the ear soon wearies of such barren sounds, and Stravinsky's melodic invention is not, and never was, the equal of Pergolesi's—and that is saying a good deal.

If my condemnation of the ineptitude of the choreography of this ballet seems severe, let me justify it by the examination of one small incident, which is characteristic of the whole. M. Lifar, as Apollo, has to perform upon a lyre. In fact, he performs some antics which, though difficult to execute, are not suggestive of lyre-playing—that is, they lack significance and, therefore, beauty. They are ugly not because they are ungainly, but because they are meaningless. I do not, of course, contend that M. Lifar should display literally a lyric virtuosity and finger his instrument according to the rules. His business is to express in dancing the movements of lyre-playing not literally but imaginatively. And, if you would know how it can be done, go and see 'Pulcinella,' wherein M. Massine has invented a dance that is the quintessence of fiddling. Pulcinella's dance is grotesque enough, but because it is significant it is also beautiful. One wants to see it again, and repetition does not make it stale.

'Ode,' which was produced last Monday, is, as the saying goes, another kettle of fish. The music, indeed, is hardly worthy even of a composer of M. Nabokov's negligible reputation. But the stage pictures and devices are often ingenious and beautiful. The ballet is not successful as a whole, and there are some ineptitudes of a kind to which M. Diaghilev's company have too long accustomed us. The projection by cinematograph of strange forms upon the back-cloth is not only childish in itself, but is not even good of its kind. One had thought that this game had been played out years ago in Paris. The main fault of the ballet, however, is more serious than a matter of ill-executed detail. It lies in the apparent inability of these dancers to work out an idea thoroughly and to leave no loose threads or unanswered questions. This may seem a serious view of a piece intended for our entertainment. But when an artist takes a serious subject, such as Man's contact with Nature, and treats it in a novel poetic fashion, we have a right to ask that he shall carry his work through. It is the inability to do this that spoils so many of the newer ballets and some of the old ones.

Let me exemplify once more by a detail. At the close of this ballet M. Lifar, who has been 'learning all about the stars and the rivers and flowers and men, and tying himself up in knots, as young scholars do, in the process, attempts to seize upon the vision of beauty presented to him by nature, and destroys it by his contact. Everything works up well towards a climax. The visible scene is entrancing to the eye in its strange and novel way; the music rises in volume of sound if not in significance; the light grows more and more intense (thanks to the efforts of a very visible limelight man). M. Lifar leaps towards the vision, the *corps de ballet* repulse him; he leaps again and is again cast back. We await breathlessly his breaking through the Hindenburg line of grey figures in dress à la Longhi. But the final leap does not happen. M. Lifar did, indeed, jump, but he gave me no impression of hurling himself into the picture, and with an ill-assorted switching-off of lights the vision was darkened. The whole of the elaborate working-up went, therefore, for nothing, and we were cheated of the expected



thrill. After which M. Lifar proceeded to express very beautifully his remorse at his destruction of beauty—or was it remorse at his failure to achieve the effect of having destroyed it? Be that as it may, the end of the ballet was one of the most moving things M. Lifar has done, a really excellent piece of expressive miming. There are other good things in the piece—notably M. Lifar's swimming dance, a duet for Mme. Danilova and M. Massine, and a solo for Mme. Doubrovskaya. It is the greater pity that more time and thought was not given to the thorough working-out and finishing of the idea so that it would be as satisfying as a whole as it is in some of its incidents.

The third of the three ballets, 'Las Meninas,' is a much smaller affair, a single dance performed by five dancers. But it served to show that the company has lost none of its skill in re-presenting in its own way the style of an old master. This time it is Velasquez, whose court ladies and gentlemen and peasant hunchback are cleverly stylized. Though there is no vigorous action—indeed that is precluded by the ladies' immense coiffures and dresses—this Pavane to music by Fauré is a very beautiful sight. There is no poetic idea, unless we are to understand a satire on the extravagances of the ladies' fashion pointed by the natural deformity of the hunchback; but if the aim is less high than in 'Ode,' the marksmanship is far more accurate. H.

## THE KINEMA

*Waxworks.* The Avenue Pavilion

TOO often the American film is content to tell everything, yet say nothing; the German film has, as a rule, a wider objective and a more significant ideal. By suggestion, rhythm and economy it enlists the imagination of the audience, thereby attaining notable results. Those who saw 'Waxworks' when it was done some time ago by the Film Society will assuredly desire to see it again; those who were not so lucky should visit the Avenue Pavilion without delay. Emil Jannings as Haroun al Rashid and Werner Krauss as Springheel Jack, or, as the English captions have it, Jack the Ripper, are indeed remarkable; yet both are overshadowed by the Ivan the Terrible of Conrad Veidt. His conception of the insane sadist is a great piece of creative art. Mind, body and emotions are in perfect accord and surely no film actor ever used a pair of expressive hands to such advantage.

Jannings has a part after his own heart in that of the Eastern potentate who, in spite of owning a wife for every day in the year, desires the wife of Assad the pastrycook. Jannings gives us all the comedy of the seduction with that odd and unexpected touch of pathos and subtlety which is the gift he shares with Charlie Chaplin. They mix the light and shade. Pictorially, Mr. Paul Leni does the same and, like most German producers of the first rank, he makes his shadows and distances as significant and telling as his high lights and "close-ups." The sense of space and movement obtained by means of a few feet of canvas and half a score or so of figures is a lesson in economy to both American and English producers. It is not money or crowds that tell, but brains and imagination.

The Avenue Pavilion management are giving London an opportunity of seeing several remarkable film revivals, and they are to be congratulated on their enterprise. There is even a hope that they may be able to show Ludwig Berger's lovely version of 'Cinderella' which the Film Society showed in the early part of its career.

D. C.-H.

## LITERARY COMPETITIONS—124

SET BY BOHUN LYNCH

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an article (of not more than 300 words) supposed to have been contributed to a country Parish Magazine by the vicar, mentioning in detail the Social held on the 18th ultimo, and the gift of the new brass eagle lectern by the rich, influential, and hitherto parsimonious parishioner regarding whose commercial integrity doubts have been felt.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a four-lined epitaph on Alfred Pennystough, the pronunciation of whose name may be left to the competitors' discretion.

### RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 124A, or LITERARY 124B).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word-limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, July 23, 1928. The results will be announced in the issue of July 28.

## RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 122

SET BY HAMISH MILES

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a prose passage, not to exceed 300 words, drawn from a hypothetical 'Life and Times of King Edward VII,' by Mr. Lytton Strachey, its immediate subject being the altered tone of society after the King's demise.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a rendering in heroic couplets, à la Pope, in not more than 24 lines, of a week-end weather-forecast from the Meteorological Office.

### REPORT FROM MR. MILES

122A. Competitors here had really a double task: to depict an historical situation, and to catch a specific style. Only one writer, I feel, has produced a satisfactory blend of the two elements. On the whole the entrants showed closer knowledge of the social and political position at the opening of the Georgian age than they did of Mr. Lytton Strachey's technique or the peculiar chemistry of his mind. Certainly there was variety in points of view: some saw dark presages of war with Germany, others of "the revolution in women's attire"; roller-skating and rag-time were not forgotten, nor yet "those delightful new kinema-shows"; and the ingenious observer of these last has also a startling picture which shows how "above the growing hysteria of the masses, the politicians, the diplomats, the

governing classes dance in spangled monotony on wires that were wearing thin . . . .” Court life is hardly touched upon: no one seems to have been inspired by Mr. Max Beerbohm’s curvilinear commemoration of some subtle changes in the Royal entourage. The best all-round entry is that of Non Omnia, with C. Brogan runner-up. Both of these writers show a more sensitive ear to the Strachey cadences than their rivals.

#### FIRST PRIZE

As captain of the ship of state, King Edward had walked the bridge, puffing at his cigar, and royally unconcerned at the mutinous spirit of the crew and the storms that darkened the horizon. Strikes, political crises, nay, even the revolt of woman touched him not; while the European situation needed only a little tactful family diplomacy. The public gratefully accepted the royal estimate of the position of affairs and refused to believe that any real danger was threatening.

And yet, to the more earnest and perhaps sensitive mind of the heir to the throne, a certain languor in the body politic was perceptible. On one occasion he urged his country to “wake up.” To this challenge the first responses came only from the discontented elements of society. Suffragettes advanced from the mere annoyance of Cabinet Ministers to a frenzied yet elaborate interference with almost every phase of civilized life. After the railway strike of 1911, a “triple alliance” was formed between the largest trade unions, in order that they might the more surely wreck the national economy. In Ireland civil war moved daily nearer. Even this series of shocks failed, however, to shatter what remained of Victorian optimism and Edwardian aloofness. Moreover, the aspect of daily life was changing. On earth and above, the internal-combustion engine was accelerating its noisy and odorous revolution. American imports were destroying the routine of business, the dignity of dancing and even the hallowed ritual of wine. The bewildered Englishman, finding material things apparently beyond his control, turned feverishly to sport as an anodyne. He perceived, therefore, little that was ominous in the outbreak of a Balkan war.

While the tide of change was thus at the flood, strange stories of the new court were told. It was rumoured that a rich family life was centred there, and even that religion was taken seriously.

NON OMNIA

#### SECOND PRIZE

In every human heart there lurks an obscure, eternal pessimism which defies the contradictions of religion and asserts that the beautiful and gay are more closely tied to mortality than the rigid and austere. It was this conviction that robbed the king’s death of all of its surprise, for his reign had always seemed a gift that was too good to last; it had all the perdurable charm and brevity of Spring. There was a light airiness, a cheerful freedom, even a certain irresponsibility in the atmosphere of his life that went farther than his personal influence could ever go, and compelled the most God-fearing of Highland gamekeepers to be a little less like a character from the Excursion, and the most solemn of Wesleyans to be a little more like Wesley. The gaiety of nations had been increased, and was now diminished. In every corner of the kingdom there was deep regret for the ending of that gracious visitation, but the loss was felt most keenly among the light-hearted men and women who had known him, or who knew his friends, and had rejoiced in the rather unusual pleasure of Royal approval. While the purple pall and the plumed hearse and the splendid gloom of the Cathedral signified the death of the great king; while the statesmen went in sorrow and doubt, lacking the aid of the genial and subtle diplomat; while the whole nation mourned a father, these people, so seldom serious before, turned serious in a more serious world. Riding or walking in the Park that Vanity has consecrated to itself, the most frivolous and heartless paid the last tribute of a careful thought; studying the verdure of their favourite resort, their downcast eyes remembered Fate, and reflected for a moment that all flesh is grass.

C. BROGAN

122B. The Briton’s favourite topic could hardly fail to bring in a goodly show of entries. In a great variety of couplets the climate of these islands was heroically bludgeoned, pilloried and sneered at; but only a few managed to approach the honeyed sting which was called for to bring their lines into the class of *à la Pope*. The leaders ran a neck-to-neck race, and worthy of commendation are T. D. Lowe, who opened:

Know then the weather; Man’s affairs despise;  
For Man the proper study is the skies . . .

Lavengro, who bids us:

Be wise in time, attend, and ponder well  
The secrets Modern Science has to tell;  
Presage of storm the peaceful prospect mars:  
Scan well the chart, perpend the isobars . . .

L. F. Goldsmid spoilt a promising entry, with the pleasing couplet:

And Thermo’s shaded meter still is seen  
With silvery column pois’d below the mean,

by a disastrous last line. Charles G. Box showed grace, and Pantarei ingenuity. But Valimus deserves first place for both of these qualities and for avoiding so successfully what most competitors did not avoid—a more or less direct “translation” of a weather-report into couplets of the specified kind. Of the close followers, I think H. C. M. is the most consistently polished and punctual in rhyme and metre.

#### FIRST PRIZE

As thou, Camilla, shall the skies be fair,  
And Sol triumphant soothe the lambent air;  
Till from the south the balmy zephyrs rise  
To lead the squadron’d clouds along the skies;  
In some lone spot beyond the Hebrides  
An anti-cyclone straight disarms all these,  
Re-calls the sun, and in a transient hour  
Both makes and breaks the promise of a shower.  
Yet still beware! though Sol be all as bright  
To make, with thy sweet eyes, a threefold light,  
Go not, unhappy maid, in slight array,  
Lest cold distemperature deceive the day;  
Nor trust the morrow, though the dawn beguile;  
Tears, my Camilla, oft succeed a smile.  
Th’ electric charge in sudden flash will break,  
And what was desert straight become a lake;  
What time the low’ring sky, enrag’d above,  
Portend the ire of all-avenging Jove.  
Yet lo! for pity will his anger stay,  
And storm its respite take, as thou thy tea.  
Thence, fair Camilla, to thy vespers nine,  
Assur’d at least to-morrow will be fine,  
When thou, immur’d in toil, shalt moan thy fate—  
Thy freedom came too early, Sol too late.

VALIMUS

#### SECOND PRIZE

Attend, ye people all, and whoso list  
Hear the official meteorologist.  
Let those who study to be weather-wise  
Heed well this sapient Prophet of the Skies.  
With learning drawn from Heaven, from earth, from sea,  
Each day he manifests his augury,  
Marks the mercurial column rise and fall,  
And comprehends the import of it all.  
Thus he forecasts the future—“While the sun  
“For three whole days his customary course shall run,  
“A deep depression hasting from the West  
“Shall make the weather, like itself, depressed.  
“In places Jove, with crushing thunder-stroke,  
“May break the poplar, rive the spreading oak,  
“Or lift his voice, reverberating, loud,  
“From the dark caverns of th’ o’erhanging cloud;  
“While from the Hyads plenteous showers abound  
“And mimic torrents irrigate the ground.  
“Thereafter Æolus will summon forth  
“Bold Boreas, blowing from the icy North,  
“Whose fresh invigorating breath will sweep  
“Murk from the skies, and clear the azure deep,  
“Temper the ardour of the sultry air,  
“Turn heat to coolness, changeable to fair.”

H. C. M.



## BACK NUMBERS—LXXXI

WHAT was the last pamphlet of which merely literary people took notice? My first thought must be mistaken; there must have been something since Stevenson's 'Father Damien,' which appeared nearly forty years ago. Yet neither by such thought as is possible on a warm summer afternoon nor by some dipping into the files of the SATURDAY can I discover evidence of literary excitement, as distinguished from political or moral agitation, over any pamphlet. The pamphlet has been dying for more than a hundred years, ever since the quarterly reviews came into existence, and in our time it has come to its end.

But it is well to be precise. What may bibliographically be called pamphlets are in no danger of extinction: small prose works issued unbound are common enough. But properly the pamphlet, besides being brief and usually a thing in paper covers, is the vehicle of a kind of argument rarely to be found in either the book or the journalist's article. To attempt to set down quite how that kind of argument differs from the argument that is always with us would be perilous; but the difference can be felt. There is something alike in Swift's pamphleteering and in Voltaire's which we feel to be natural to that form and to no other. And, so far as ideas come to me at all on such an afternoon as this, I am visited by the idea that, for one thing, the pamphlet demands a literary temper grown very rare in the modern world and, for another thing, a public unlike our own.

The great mass of pamphlets are indeed the work of obscure persons. The 20,000 in the Thomason collection, covering the period of the Civil War, proceed largely from nonentities, and the Croker collection of French Revolution pamphlets contains hundreds that issued from the gutter. But the great pamphlet seems to require in its writer a just and settled conviction that he can without fatuity address himself *urbi et orbi*. He must feel that, by virtue of genius, or at least by virtue of a combination of exceptional talent and position, he has the right to harangue his fellows. And then, though the appeal of the pamphlet is in a way popular, he must feel that his public is capable of appreciating the literary conduct of his argument or assault. Thirdly, for another idea has visited me, the occasion or matter of the pamphlet must be such as to justify simple treatment; a stupefying calamity like the late war or a controversy that expands vaguely will not do for the pamphleteer.

Milton, Pascal, Swift, Voltaire in their several ways had perfect opportunities. Quite small men have had one, like Colonel Sexby, whose 'Killing No Murder,' with its excellent ironical dedication to Oliver Cromwell, gave a new phrase to the language. But the Sexbys, though each may write one good pamphlet, are not complete pamphleteers. They are comparable to the men who produced each a good song or two for the Elizabethan lutanists, not to men who are in the full sense poets. And genius in the modern world occupies no such position as the greatest pamphleteers held. No doubt in political-moral authority Gladstone may be supposed to have had an equipment like Burke's, and he used the pamphlet, but his genius was for oratory, not for literature; and since Gladstone no statesman in this country has had that particular kind of authority.

Gladstone's outburst in 1874 against the Vatican decrees did not impress the SATURDAY. "The literary merit of the publication is small, and it is totally devoid of novelty." So this paper said. But the real trouble was that the pamphlet lacked inevitability. So far from appearing, as the great pamphleteer must, to be saying things urgently needing to be said, and to be the very man to say them, Gladstone appeared as a sort of sublime busybody, meddling with matters of little real concern to an English statesman and urging considerations which could not possibly be allowed to determine his own practical policy. There were other defects. The Vatican may or may not have been inconsistent: what right to demand consistency had one who would have differed from it in any event?

Gladstone had one of the qualifications of the pamphleteer—abundance of moral indignation. So had a poet who later on echoed his denunciations of the Turks and added many of his own; and since the earlier English pamphlets were often enough in verse, there need be no apology, at least in such wandering articles as these, for dragging in Sir William Watson. Both dealt in moral rhetoric, and we may well prefer "the gathering blackness of the frown of God" to anything in Gladstone without being convinced by either the statesman or the poet. Both wrote on stilts, climbing up for the occasion to a level that was not naturally theirs. A Swift or a Voltaire, whatever his anger against abominations, writes instinctively on his proper level, and to the measure of the matter, and yet with that effect of having been commissioned by Providence to deal with the evil.

There is still among us one man who might have written a great pamphlet, and did write a very good one in answer to the egregious Dr. Max Nordau. Mr. Bernard Shaw has all the gifts of the pamphleteer, including that of attacking things with the appropriate weapon instead of with vague invocation of Divine intervention and hollow threatenings. Is there anyone else? Mr. Belloc, perhaps, though it would be a rare chance that gave him a subject at once thoroughly suited to himself and of great concern to the public.

There are plenty of able controversial writers, but under the conditions of to-day they have gone to school in Fleet Street, and the technique of the pamphlet, even if a man should have an instinct for it, is not to be acquired by writing for papers. It is one thing to appear in company, quite another to expound an argument alone. Readers expect that the writer of an article will come to them with the prestige of the paper behind him, and writers unconsciously if not consciously depend on company and that prestige. They know, too, that in a paper they will be reaching persons not particularly interested in their subject, whereas in the pamphlet they can expect to be read only by those who already care about that subject.

The pamphlet is done with—till there comes a man with a genius for it. Till then only. For of no form can it be said that it is utterly outworn, the question whether anything more can be done with it being always an open question. What we mean, or should mean, when we say that a certain form is obsolete is only that it is no longer used commonly or with effect and that for the moment its prospects are poor. It is reasonable to notice changes of literary fashion and to estimate probabilities, but absurdly dogmatic to exclude the possibility of revival.

STET.

## REVIEWS

"Q"

BY EDWARD SHANKS

*From a Cornish Window.* By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. Cambridge University Press. (Pocket Edition.) 5s.

WHEN I first read this book, some twenty years ago, the name of its author, if I remember rightly, was "Q." There have been two changes since then. We all knew that "Q" was Mr. Arthur Quiller-Couch, but we preferred to think of him under the name he seemed to prefer for himself. Then (*boni sub regno Asquithi*) the good Cornish Liberal became Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, and, not long after, Edward VII Professor of English Literature in the University of Cambridge. All these names were a little confusing to Cambridge, which had not quite got used to having a Professor of English Literature at all, and had hoped that, at worst, he would not be more active than Verrall, Sir Arthur's predecessor and the first occupant of the Chair—and, incidentally, a magnificent lecturer on poetry. Cambridge, to be short about it, was worried over the good Cornish Liberal and over the author of 'The Ship of Stars' and 'Dead Man's Rock.' It somehow overlooked the author of 'Adventures in Criticism' and 'From a Cornish Window' and the compiler of 'The Oxford Book of English Verse.'

I am concerned here with only one of these books, but I think it is the best of his pre-Cambridge period. There will probably be some agreement, at least from among Cambridge men of his time, when I say that in his lectures he attained the height of his usefulness to the world of letters. They were enormously stimulating both to those who heard them delivered with the live voice and to those who read them in the printed form. Sir Arthur had the knack of combining a scholarly exactness of phrase with a tone which suggested that literature was a part of life or nothing at all. In this connexion I will quote a short passage from another book before going further:

The commentators want to know why Hamlet, having discovered his uncle's guilt, did not make an end of him at once. It appears that this is what they would have done. . . . So, you see, one never knows. One meets them going to the University Sermon or shuffling along upon some other blameless errand, and—can we believe it?—any one of these Harry Hotspurs will have killed him some six or seven dozen Scots at a breakfast, washed his hands, and said to his wife, "Fie upon this quiet life! I want work." O yes; and that is the sort of men they are, if only you believe what they write just now, about War, to the newspapers.

This is from one of Sir Arthur's lectures on 'Shakespeare's Workmanship,' and it shows how the tone proper to the lecture can convey the reality of literature even when it is transferred to the printed page. But that tone is not otherwise easy to achieve. "Q's" qualification for his professorship was that he had more than once achieved it without the assistance of the lecturer's chair.

'From a Cornish Window' is about a good many things, including the visitors to Fowey, cricket, and small-boat sailing, as well as literature. It seems to have been compiled from a monthly go-as-you-please diary, published in the old *Pall Mall Magazine*, under the editorship of Lord Frederick Hamilton. Here "Q" had the ease which he wanted and which he did not attain at its best until, much later, he had a flesh-and-blood audience to inspire him. But he was at least talking as a human being to human beings, talking as he pleased, and if they didn't like it, they could go away. It followed that he talked well, and this is a book of good talk.

Some of it is extremely amusing. It contains some of the best examples of his satirical wit (though not his parody of Whitman), only to be equalled by the little masterpieces of comic mimicry with which he used to enliven his lectures and which retain their life even on the cold white page. But these are, like those interjected music-hall turns, only the arts with which the hot-gospeller gathers an audience or persuades it into a responsive mood. Of my first reading of this book, I remember vividly two things. One is a discussion of the poetry of George Meredith, of which up till then I knew nothing, and the other is an analysis of Dr. Bridges's analysis of the Odes of Keats. These two passages (I crave the reader's pardon for my egotism, but I really know no better way of praising them) had a permanent effect on my mind. "Q" not only wrote about them well, he also made them seem things as immediately and satisfyingly important as one's meals.

A good deal of this effect was, I suppose, in the casual and conversational tone. He thus introduces his disquisition on Meredith:

I put my head up the companion and addressed a friend who was lacing tight the cover of the mainsail viciously, with the help of his teeth.

"Look here, X," I said. "What is your favourite Modern Lyric?"

"That one," he answered (still with the lace between his teeth), "which begins—

Curse the people, blast the people,  
Damn the lower orders!"

And, later on, he says of the same poet:

I must admit that such writing does not obviously allure, that it rather dejects the student by the difficulty of finding a stool to sit down and be stoical on. "Nay," to parody Sidney, "he dooth as if your journey should lye through a fayre Vineyard, at the first give you a handful of nuts, forgetting the nut-crackers."

But what the casual and conversational tone meant, and what it did convey to the young reader, was that the highest poetry was something which you ought to make part of your daily life, something which could enter like the air into everything you did, something not too far off from all human amusements and interests. "Q" changed so rapidly and yet so naturally from delight in the most trivial or the most material things to delight unmistakably no less real and penetrating in spiritual things. He convinced one that it was quite possible to be normal and have a normally good time and yet understand poetry and enjoy it into the bargain. In other words, he taught the humanities without incurring the risk of making his pupils self-conscious or priggish. He has done much in that direction since this book, but this is the first, and in some ways the freshest, of his efforts as the honey-mouthed pedagogue of our time. In so far as it touches on literature it is casual and arbitrary, but the young reader might do far worse than begin here.



## LEIGH HUNT, SHELLEY AND BYRON

*Leigh Hunt's 'Examiner' Examined.* 1808-1825.  
By Edmund Blunden. Cobden Sanderson.  
15s.

*Shelley—Leigh Hunt.* Edited by R. Brimley Johnson. Ingpen and Grant. 12s. 6d.

*Selected Letters of Byron.* Edited by H. V. Collins. Oxford University Press. 4s. 6d.

THE revival of interest in Leigh Hunt within the last five years has our sympathy. For all his insecurity, he was a poet, and of things better than the touching trifle about being kissed in old age by Mrs. Carlyle and the neatly moralized 'Abou ben Adhem.' Undiscovered by indolent anthologists, there is the beautiful 'Ariadne Waking,' and for a truly successful blending of "fancy and familiarity" there are the astonishing sonnets, 'The Man, the Fish, and the Spirit.' And then, with his foraging mind, he was a good critic, able to add one great scene to so miraculous a collection as Lamb's specimens of the old dramatists, quick to see the genius of Shelley and of Keats, adroit in translation and appreciation of his favourite Italians. A good essayist also. Altogether, he deserves to be treated as something much more than the friend of Byron and Shelley, an unfortunate influence on the early Keats, and the author of a couple of anthology pieces, or than an innovator in the management of the heroic couplet.

But piety is now carried to excess. Mr. Brimley Johnson's book has for sub-title: 'How Friendship Made History and Extended the Bounds of Human Freedom and Thought.' Leigh Hunt, for him, is one of those heroic spirits who engage in "raising the siege of Mansoul." Almost all the virtues stalk in capitals through his commentary, in honour of a gifted, amiable, shiftless creature who was never for ten minutes in any heroic situation, and whose service to poetry was chiefly in trying to make verse chat instead of orate. Mr. Blunden, as we might expect, is not quite so much carried away, but he, too, despite some candid admissions, must be counted among those whose piety exceeds their critical discretion. So long a sketch of the history of the *Examiner*, with so many quotations, was not needed in a book which reprints so many of the articles. There are certain whole articles and passages contributed by Leigh Hunt to his paper which the student of Shelley and Keats needs, and has not hitherto had conveniently to hand; the article for which Leigh Hunt and his brother were imprisoned possesses a certain historical importance, and should be easily available; but much of the matter reproduced by Mr. Blunden might have been left in the files of the paper.

For the truth is that the average Huntsian article in the *Examiner* was not good journalism. By turns scrappy and verbose, often much too personal, almost always careless in relating comment to its occasion, and by no means free from fustian, Leigh Hunt as journalist is at his worst. He has not even the wit to dress the part he is playing, and appears as Jupiter Tonans in slippers and a dressing-gown. A humane creature, he really was indignant about certain cruelties and his zeal for political reform was genuine, but his protests are apt to be without dignity, and though he throws mud only in reprisal, it is mud. The Regent was vulgar, but so are most of Leigh Hunt's attacks on him. A fighting journalism needs a surer taste and a cooler head than he possessed.

What will reward the reader of these two books is some of the literary criticism. It is casual, as so much of Leigh Hunt's was, and there is too much pawing and patting of our young friend who will

presently astonish the world, but it shows great readiness in perceiving novel excellence even where it is almost hidden by the faults of immaturity. It was Leigh Hunt who, in the *Examiner*, first printed the Chapman sonnet of Keats, "a composition we do not hesitate to pronounce excellent, especially the last six lines." "The very faults of Mr. Keats arise from a passion for beauties, and a young impatience to vindicate them." "When Mr. Keats errs in his poetry, it is from the ill management of a good thing—exuberance of ideas." The greatest descriptive passage in 'The Eve of St. Agnes' "falls at once gorgeously and delicately upon us, like the colours of the painted glass." 'Hyperion' is "like a ruin in the desert, or the bones of the mastodon." Shelley's 'Revolt of Islam' is "full of humanity; and yet it certainly does not go the best way to work for appealing to it, because it does not appeal to it through the medium of its common knowledge." But even at that stage of his development Shelley is given his due rank, and there are sentences of highly intelligent eulogy in the notices of 'The Cenci' and 'Prometheus Unbound' and 'Adonais.' But Hunt makes no attempt to produce complete critical miniatures, and far too often his choice of a quality to praise is determined by nothing better than the recollection that the *Quarterly* has denied it to the writer under notice.

These two volumes, though they contain some matter which it has hitherto been rather troublesome to get at, and to that extent will be welcomed by students, can hardly assist much in the revival of Leigh Hunt's reputation. What purpose it was hoped to serve by the volume of selections made by Mr. Collins from Byron's correspondence it is difficult to guess. The choice is not ill made, but the book is too small to give an adequate idea of Byron as a letter-writer, and the notes condescend to explanation of things familiarly known. If there must be anthologies of Byron's letters, why not one relating the experiences recorded in the letters with the expression of them in the poetry? And why not a volume relating Byron, Shelley and Leigh Hunt?

## LENIN

*Lenin.* By Valeriu Marcu. Translated by E. W. Dickes. Gollancz. 21s.

UNRESTRAINED imagery and striving after dramatic effect may be flaws in this book, but biographies of Lenin in English are still sufficiently uncommon for this translation from the German to be sure of a ready sale. A large photograph of Lenin on the wrapper and his name in stark two-inch letters of gilt on the cover prepare the reader for a revelation of colossal personality. The attempt is deeply interesting, as it could scarcely fail to be, but it can hardly be said that the volume lives up to the expectation aroused by its somewhat portentous appearance. The book creates an appetite for greater and more exact information. That may be the measure of its failure and success. We are given, without doubt, an impression of the extraordinary proportions of the man, but the method employed does not enable us to feel that great understanding has been reached. The greater the dramatic emphasis the more puzzling it all becomes. The difficulties are less psychological than historical. A clearer indication of the actual situations in which Lenin's strategy exhibited itself would have improved the book.

Vladimir Ilyitch Ulianov was only a boy when his elder brother was executed for conspiring to assassinate the Tsar. At seventeen he studied law

at the University at Kazan only to be banished after a month for sedition. At the age of seventeen, as is truly pointed out, he was already, he could feel, someone of importance. The subsequent crises in the life of the professional conspirator are as clearly marked; the circles he addressed in St. Petersburg, the formation in 1896 of the Militant Union for the Liberation of the Working Class, the exile to Siberia, the return, the revolution of 1905 and the party struggles afterwards, and finally the war and all that it led to.

The latter phases are not only the most interesting, but are extraordinary almost to the point of incredibility. No one in his party took the same view as Lenin as to the possibilities of the war from the revolutionary point of view. In Switzerland he numbered at first five disciples, Swiss youths, and boasted he might soon add a sixth. The change hardly came earlier than the Zimmerwald meeting of the autumn of 1915.

Psychologically, infinite determination has at least to be posited. Great skill and the element of chance may be added. But still the problem of Lenin is not solved. There is the question of degree, and there is the question of motive. An indication of the degree of determination is the cause of his ultimate breakdown in health which was organic injury of the brain. On the problem of motive the most interesting paragraph in this book is the following:

For Lenin, power was the essential thing. In order to be able to command he was determined to conquer power. This programme was the cornerstone of his thought. Without the ever-present possibility of seizing supreme power, Socialism would have been for him a matter of slight importance. For two decades he had been in pursuit of power, keeping his eyes fixed on its radiant form, listening to its call.

In this respect, at least, Lenin falls within recognizable categories, but even this motive was, of course, not the ultimate one.

The distinctive thing in Lenin was his "realism," as it is called. This meant that he knew the general direction he wished to take, was determined to get nearer to his goal, and was willing to move in any direction, according to circumstances, which promised ultimately to lead there. Whether his choice was always or usually right or best from the point of view of his own immediate aims is a question to which a certain answer may not yet be possible. Probably the writer of this book surmises truly in suggesting that the ultimate verdict of historians, if historians can be said to give a verdict, may contain surprises both for the idolaters and the critics of Lenin.

### THE POET'S WORDS

*Words and Poetry.* By George H. Rylands.  
With an Introduction by Lytton Strachey.  
Hogarth Press. 10s. 6d.

HOW the dons of a generation back would have stared at the idea of a dissertation on English words and poetry! Yet the theme is much more interesting than the "rotten and rubbishy generalizations" which a first-rate scholar discovered in these academic efforts, and there is very little in print about it. This may be because such work, if done, must struggle to find a place in the sensational, political, or trivial Press of to-day. Mr. Rylands as a don confesses that he has got past his dissertation, which is witty and apt for the most part, but wandering and inconclusive, because he has attempted too much. He prefers his second part, on the style of Shakespeare.

The choice of the best words, "breathing," as Longinus says, "into dead things a kind of living

voice," is vital for poetry, which moves in chains with a restricted vocabulary and seeks ever the creation of new beauty. The poet can raise a word to dignity or revive it. Here we note that the only ancient treatise of composition by a first-rate artist, Horace's 'Ars Poetica,' would have been worth citing. It is as well, too, to explain that no amount of fine words alone will make a poet. Mr. Rylands dwells on the details that glorify a style, since that is his purpose, but Raleigh's warning is pertinent:

Style does not thrive in *vacuo*—nor in competitions. Grace belongs to movement and purpose. The merely graceful are invalids.

The sounds, meanings, associations, and settings of words, all tend to make them beautiful, and sublimity often depends on a return to the homely and simple. The chapter on 'Symbolism, Association and Nomenclature' discovers and separates various sources of emotional suggestion, and this is the author's best and most original work. He seems occasionally to avoid the obvious. The "more simple and elementary value of the moon" is not only as "something beautiful in itself," but also something which sheds light with no warmth on a silent world, *amica silentia lunae*, as Virgil puts it. This is implied later, but not clearly stated. The English associations of "ivory" have led to mistakes about the "ivory gate" of false and disturbing dreams. The poetic value of "islands" is put down to remoteness, but they also suggest a little place for oneself (or two selves) which is securely hedged off from the large, common world and fertile after a waste of waters. We must remember, too, that, as in the passage from Milton quoted about "happy Iles," they go back to a fairy land in Greek and Latin. Mr. Rylands



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writes well about classical associations, but when he quotes

It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles  
And see the great Achilles, whom we know [knew]

for effective ornament, he forgets that the whole poem, 'Ulysses,' is classical in subject.

The adjective is at once the glory and the test of poets. Shakespeare, we are told, was fond of "sweet" and "rich." Milton arranges adjectives with great skill, but his poetry belongs to the study rather than to observation of life, and English after him moved away from his compact classicism. He did not prove a *Gradus ad Parnassum*. Tennyson has gained originality and conciseness in phrases like his "fell shoulder-slipt." A great advantage of the compound adjective for poets, as it seems to us, is its power of putting ideas shortly and in a connexion which would ordinarily require a new sentence or a preposition. So trees can be "star-proof" or "branch-charmed" and Lear, changed by the behaviour of his children, is "child-changed." 'Cymbeline' has "thief-taken," which is like Tennyson's "lady-clad" (dressed by a lady) in the 'Princess.' His "Solomon-shaming flowers" in 'Becket' ingeniously calls up a whole verse of the New Testament. Plain "lily" and "rose" are now, as the author remarks, overworn as emotional symbols.

The rejection of words with vulgar or gravity-removing associations is briefly dealt with. Tennyson's "horrors only proven a blooming boy" in 'Gareth and Lynette' is our favourite example. Henley was making a brave attempt to enlarge the poetic vocabulary when he wrote of an "old black rotter of a boat." This is the main trial of modern poets, to ennoble not so much the factories and fly-wheels of which Mr. Rylands speaks as the dull terminology of science, which offers the widest field for imagination and wonder to-day. Here Hardy was a pioneer. To go on with the old classical deities in the choicest words, words even like those of Keats, from the best poetical mint, is to court failure. The stuff of life has to be tackled, as Mr. Rylands wisely maintains, though beauty can hardly come out of a style which suggests physical jerks.

The view that "at last, it was simply for style that Shakespeare lived" we take to be wild heresy. We cannot suppose that the master playwright was such a lover of fine phrases as to forget that his purpose was drama. We see the victim of style only in the sense that Shakespeare's quick-coming thoughts pressed so keenly on him that he tried to put too much in one sentence and broke up his verse as no Greek did, even in moments of tense emotion. We think, too, that he was worn out, suffering from the aphasia or agraphia familiar in the neurotic to-day. But, while not in agreement with all Mr. Rylands's conclusions, we find much that is new and notable in his views of Shakespeare's prose and increasing mastery of blank verse. Style in poetry, as in prose, is widely disputed. *De gustibus, as de ghostibus*—the proverb is somewhat musty. But as there is so much taste about and most of it so bad, we wish this book a wide circulation, and, if there is now any time for rational conversation, a good discussion.

### THE TREATY OF TRIANON

*The Tragedy of Trianon: Hungary Appeals to Humanity.* By Sir Robert Donald. Thornton Butterworth. 7s.

SIR ROBERT DONALD marshals facts and figures to prove that the Magyar minorities in Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Jugoslavia are not

accorded their full rights as guaranteed by the Treaties. There is much to be desired in the treatment of the minorities in Central and South Eastern Europe, a stricture which applies, by the way, to Budapest as well as to Prague, Belgrade and Bucharest. No one will dispute Sir Robert's view that the obligations undertaken towards the minorities should be carried out faithfully by the Governments concerned, and Sir Robert is on safe ground in insisting that there is room for improvement in the Treaty of Trianon.

'The Tragedy of Trianon' has a preface by Lord Rothermere, who, even more vehemently than Sir Robert, urges the revision of the Treaty of Trianon in such a way as would virtually restore the pre-war frontiers of Hungary. It therefore becomes necessary to judge this book in the light of the policy it advocates rather than on its merits as an *exposé* of the treatment of Hungarian minorities in the Secession States. This policy is essentially disastrous. Already the violent revisionist propaganda has succeeded in putting back by some twenty years the work of reasonable readjustment of the imperfections of Trianon. Until this propaganda was launched there were welcome signs of co-operation between Hungary and her neighbours—a co-operation which, in virtue of the pressure of economic facts, would eventually have led both to frontier readjustments and improvement in the lot of the Hungarian minorities.

The delicate machinery of readjustment required gentle handling. The revisionist propaganda has been like a bludgeon, and such machinery as was set up has now been smashed—at least for some time to come. Sir Robert's book, like the Rothermere propaganda with which it forms a piece, can only do more harm than good. This kind of thing introduces a disturbing factor into a part of Europe which above all needs a long period of tranquillity in which to carry out the vital work of reconstruction and consolidation. Finally, there is the unfortunate fact that publications of this kind only add to the erroneous impression, widely held both in Hungary and in the Little Entente States, that the British Foreign Office is in collusion with the dangerous revisionist propaganda. The misguided Magyars may yet have to exclaim: "Spare us from our friends."

### THE NEAR-EASTERN MAIL

*Letters of Pontius Pilate.* Edited by W. P. Crozier. Cape. 5s.

MR. CROZIER, by writing a playful introduction to these letters in which he asks the reader to be his own judge of their authenticity, has stirred up the waters of innocence and set some queer fish jumping madly. One critic, we notice, has gravely rebuked Mr. Crozier for not deciding whether the letters are genuine! We, for our part, should like to know the market value of the world serial rights of a batch of letters written by Pilate and covering the death of Jesus. On the whole we scarcely think that such a discovery would come quietly into the world in book-form at five shillings. Pilate enquired about the nature of truth, a point on which Fleet Street might be unable to help him. Had he enquired "What is news?" there would have been a copious and clamorous reply. At the present moment it seems that God is news. Accordingly, owing to certain events, the mail-bag of Pontius would have acquired a divinity value that would certainly not allow it to be quietly opened: in which ceremony the Hearst, we imagine, would not be the last.

So we may take Mr. Crozier's scholarly imaginings simply as the projection of an accurate and historical

mind which has set itself the problem of trying to understand and to present the Roman Governor confronted by a turbulent and schismatic province. Mr. Crozier puts all medieval sentimentalities behind him and is not concerned to make "good theatre" by turning Procula into a Christian convent. Procula is worried that "we are to have only a week in Alexandria." She says that she will not have time to do the necessary shopping. That gives the note. We follow the voyage out, the gradual acclimatization to Judea, the concern about games and gladiators, the disgust with the local wine. At the same time Mr. Crozier's Pilate is a serious politician who really intends to handle his job as well as may be and to interpret for his own guidance the sectional disputes of the Jews. He is a tactician who will gladly shuffle off on to Jewish shoulders any responsibilities which may reasonably be put there. He is not sympathetic, of course, to any moral idealism that may accompany political rebellion. "This is an unfruitful soil in all respects but one. The seeds of disorder will grow if you only scratch the soil. My policy is to destroy them the moment that they sprout." And so we reach the curt conclusion about Jesus, who, if not dangerous to-day, would be dangerous to-morrow. "What does it matter, one Jew more or less?" For "Jew" read "nigger" and the way of the colonial administrator is seen in the light of eternity.

Mr. Crozier has made a very careful study of Jewish history and his side-views of the sectarian strife amid which the life of Jesus was lived and sacrificed are extremely vivid. His Governor too has a great plausibility. This Pilate is very human with his extravagant wife, his zest for good showmanship in the arena, and his balancing zeal and acumen on behalf of the Empire. He was a loyal Roman, and there are points about Mr. Crozier's style and method which make us think that the author has been in his time a loyal Tacitean.

### PETRI HEIL!

*Salmon and Trout in Moorland Streams.* By Major Kenneth Dawson. Jenkins. 7s. 6d.  
*The Way of a Trout with a Fly.* By G. E. M. Skues. Black. 7s. 6d.

MAJOR KENNETH DAWSON, who under his pseudonym of "West Country" is well known to readers of the *Field*, is a disciple of the wet-fly. He writes of the "hard" waters which are threshed by the man of small and moderate means, and not for him are the expensive beats on Tay or Tweed or the jealously guarded stretches of the Test where everything is made easy for the angler and where giant captures can jade the keenest appetite. Although he deals mainly with his own West Country streams, the advice he gives will be found as useful on the mountain streams of Scotland, Wales, and the North of England as on his own beloved Dart and Tavy. Major Dawson is a stout-hearted iconoclast, and he is not afraid to challenge such long-established theories as, for example, that fishing up-stream with the wet-fly or even with the dry-fly is invariably productive of better results than fishing across and down. Most anglers who have had wide experience of angling in mountain streams either in this country or in Central Europe will agree with him that (pace the great Stewart who fished mainly in the slower-flowing Border streams) in certain kinds of fast water fishing up-stream is not only unproductive but an actual waste of time and energy. Nor does he shrink to declare his preference for spinning for salmon. In certain conditions spinning is as easy

and as unattractive as worm-fishing in a "spate," but spinning either for salmon or for trout in low water and with the finest of tackle is an art which only those who have never tried it would dream of despising. Few modern anglers, too, will cavil at his contention that, in order to improve the stock of trout on our hard-fished streams, the large cannibals, which seldom if ever rise to the fly and which work untold havoc among the smaller fry, must be removed by any means possible. This is a book which every angler should possess.

Mr. Skues needs no introduction to anglers. The two works by which he is known are land-marks in the history of chalk-stream fishing, and he writes as cleverly and as delightfully as he reasons. His 'Minor Tactics of the Chalk Stream' is already in its third edition, while the present volume is the second edition of a work which appeared seven years ago and which he feels justified in reprinting because since then "there has been nothing printed on the subject with which it deals which has seemed to carry knowledge much further." Mr. Skues is the genuine product of the chalk streams, a fascinating mixture of angler, entomologist, fly-dresser and philosopher. In spite, however, of his devotion to chalk-stream fishing, he is something of a revolutionary and has little sympathy with those fanatics who would restrict all fishing on chalk-streams to the use of the dry-fly only. He has one golden rule which should be observed by all fishermen: "never believe a thing you are told about fishing until you have proved it, not only once, but over and over again," and the burden of his song is that, if a man is clever enough to be able to catch trout with the wet-fly on a so-called dry-fly stream, to him be the honour and glory. Fortunately, the purist is declining rapidly in numbers, but, if any of these Pharisees still remain, we recommend them to buy this book and to read Mr. Skues's fascinating chapter on the excommunication of the wet-fly.

### NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

*Swan Song.* By John Galsworthy. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.  
*Against the Sun.* By Godfrey Elton. Constable. 7s. 6d.  
*Poor Women!* By Norah Hoult. Scholartis Press. 7s. 6d.  
*Dead Lovers are Faithful Lovers.* By Frances Newman. Secker. 7s. 6d.  
*Nightseed.* By H. A. Manhood. Cape. 7s. 6d.

'SWAN SONG' brings the Forsyte Saga to an adequate, though not perhaps a glorious, conclusion. In this last volume the annals of the famous family have been narrowed down and the stage is held by four persons—Soames, his daughter Fleur and her husband Michael, and Jon Forsyte, whose early love-affair with Fleur is now disastrously revived. Other characters cross the scene, and Mr. Galsworthy invents many lively incidents to illustrate his final review of Soames's career; but the crux of the book is Fleur's passion for Jon, with Soames looking on helplessly, trying one expedient after another, until by a desperate deed that costs him his life he seems to have established his daughter and son-in-law in a more satisfactory and lasting relationship. Fleur was spoilt, selfish and self-willed; Jon was weak; Michael affectionate but absorbed in political enterprises and ideas that made little appeal to Fleur's devouring egoism. So foul a sky clears not without a storm. Mr. Galsworthy never flinches



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Guy De Maupassant's Works translated into English. 10 vols. £3  
Blake's Works. Edited by Ellis and Yeats. 3 vols. 1893. £25  
Milne (A. A.). Winnie the Pooh. L.P. Signed copy. As new. 1928. £5 5s.  
Defoe's Works. 14 vols. Just issued. £5 5s.  
Shaw (G. B.). Saint Joan. Illustrated by Ricketts. L.P. As new. £5 5s.  
Milne Gallery of Children. L.P. £3 3s.  
Thackeray's Works. Illus. Lib. Ed. 22 vols. 1867. £12 10s.  
Lucian translated by Hicks. Illustrated. Golden Cockerel Press. £3 3s.  
Arthur Machen's Works. 9 vols. £5 5s.  
Beaumont Press: De La Mare, The Sunken Garden 21s., The Tale of Igor 21s., Drinkwater Tides 21s., Davies Raptures 21s., Le Petit Chaperon Rouge 21s., Goldini Good-Humoured Ladies 21s., very limited issues.

### BOOKS WANTED

- Kipling Jungle Books. 1st Edits. 2 vols. 1894-95.  
Darwin's Origin of Species, 1859.  
Woman in White. 3 vols. 1860.  
De Quincey's Opium Eater. 1822.  
Sir Ralph Esher. 3 vols. 1830.

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from a strong scene. The forces of nature are called in; it seems as though the house of Forsyte can only be put in order if it is first burnt to the ground.

'Swan Song' rounds off this particular achievement of Mr. Galsworthy's without adding to it. The characters could not be developed much further; all that remains is to see what happens to them. Soames has become in his old age gentle and almost benignant, pitiable in his passionate anxiety for Fleur's welfare. The freshest passages in the book are those which describe incidents outside its main purpose—the scene at the race-course, the impudent behaviour of Stainford, Val Dartie's "college pal." It is extraordinary how schoolboy slang still finds its way into Mr. Galsworthy's vocabulary. The schoolboy never dies in him. Perhaps it is this fact which keeps his emotions so strong and raw; they are never debilitated by disillusion. If one were tempted to commit the impertinence of assigning Mr. Galsworthy a place in the temple of letters, how difficult the task would be! His work maintains a high average, yet it has few peaks; it has refinement, yet it seems to lack fineness; it shows an interest in and grasp of many forms of experience, but mastery of few. It is always better in the piece than in the pattern. His characters, that have so many signs of life, are never quite like living people; and yet it is possible to discuss them in the round as if they were personal acquaintances; and this is true of scarcely any other living novelist, except perhaps Mr. Forster. The schoolboy instinct which can let nothing alone, which must take sides and indulge its preferences, continually vitalizes Mr. Galsworthy's work and endows it with a perpetual dramatic interest. The tired and sophisticated can see plainly the want of proportion in a youthful point of view, but their sceptical comments cannot sap its vigour or dislodge its hold on life.

In 'The Testament of Dominic Burleigh' Mr. Godfrey Elton showed a remarkable power of suggesting a twilight state of mind, hovering between fear and madness, and of inventing incidents to correspond. In 'Against the Sun' he again investigates an abnormal mental condition: a young and rising politician suddenly loses the wife to whom he had been profoundly attached, and he spends the rest of his days searching for a form of existence which will harmonize with his undying memory of her—her influence is so powerful that he feels he must live according to its dictates. In the hope of finding spiritual peace he starts upon one wild-goose-chase after another, disappointing his political friends and endangering his own life. In his pilgrimage he falls in with many men, gentle and simple, who implicitly or explicitly offer him interpretations of life which he can refer to his own. Of these incidental portraits Aubrey Trumble is the best; a caricature, almost, of the academic mind, but impressive and consistent, and (which rarely happens) as convincing in what the man says himself as in what the author says about him. 'Against the Sun,' however, is not a complete success because Mr. Elton never makes quite plain where his hero's shoe pinches; we see the fantastic behaviour that irritates ordinary people, but cannot tell what gives rise to it. For the purposes of fantasy Mr. Elton has set his story in an atmosphere not quite of this world, but the interdependence of incidents and atmosphere is not so close as it was in his earlier book. A pity, for Mr. Elton has an interesting and imaginative mind.

Miss Norah Hoult observes her poor women through a haze of spite and sentiment, but withal very clearly. They are an odd and on the whole highly disreputable collection; of the five whose private feelings or public behaviour Miss Hoult so unflinchingly describes, only Miss Jocelyn is fit for decent society. The others are caught in the

toils of sex; some lightly, some inextricably. Ethel is the nastiest, though from a conventional standpoint her position, hedged about by an undeniable husband, is the strongest. Mrs. Johnson is an unsuccessful prostitute, and very pitiable. Alice—but really one cannot rub the bloom from all Miss Hoult's grapes. She is an extremely capable writer, with a fine sense of humour and an excellent ear for dialogue. She seems to have no convictions, except that women are to be pitied, and sometimes one wonders if she is convinced of that. Men she portrays as legendary unaccountable creatures, remote from the feminine world but occasionally entering it like Jupiter, at unexpected moments and with unexpected results. The only male whom Miss Hoult describes in detail, Ethel's two-year absent husband, is the most puzzling of all. The others are casually kind or innately lustful. For those who can stand them we thoroughly recommend Miss Hoult's adventures into feminine psychology; and only in the first story, we think, does she trample on the susceptibilities more than she need have done.

Miss Frances Newman endeavours to combine the method of Virginia Woolf and the subject-matter of Anita Loos with a style that is all her own. The result is almost unreadable. Nearly every sentence has to be read twice, partly because of its inherent obscurity, partly because just where the sense seems likely to start, Miss Newman inserts a negative that trips one up:

And she walked back through a long narrow hall without realizing that she did not know when her own body had become more important to her than roses and iris and tulips.

The word "body" is mentioned so frequently that one would expect 'Dead Lovers are Faithful Lovers' to have some substance, but it has none. It is very hard to discover whether most of the action takes place in a bathroom, or in a train, or in a bathroom in a train. Miss Newman is to be congratulated upon carrying literary affectation further than almost any of her contemporaries, but upon little else, except a sense of humour which raises its head feebly but distinctly through strained sentences, hardly surviving the unpropitious circumstances of its birth.

There are tracts of nonsense also in 'Nightseed,' and there is a great waste of words. Why, if the subject must be mentioned, talk about a "convex" breast? But Mr. Manhood has an imagination, Irish, exaggerated, word-intoxicated, but extremely impressive, and none of the stories collected in his books fails to exhibit it. He has not yet adjusted the world of his imagination to the real world; but when he has done this, and when he has got over a tendency to think extravagance interesting for its own sake, he will write a very good book.

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## SHORTER NOTICES

**Chapters in Medieval Administrative History. III., IV.** By T. F. Tout. Longmans. Manchester University Press. 30s. each.

IN these volumes Prof. Tout continues his task of relaying the foundations of the history of England under the Plantagenets from the administrative point of view. The great constitutional historians of our time, Stubbs and Maitland, had gone back to the past to seek the roots of the present, and as a result, their story was imperfect—while explaining the origin of modern institutions, they gave us little or no help in understanding what was going on in the times they wrote of. Prof. Tout goes back to the records in an attempt to explain the processes of government as they were, taking so much advantage of his predecessors' work as to obviate the necessity of going over the same ground, and giving us for the first time some idea of the working of our medieval monarchy. The key to our history in the Middle Ages is that we have a powerful aristocracy, in almost permanent opposition, acting through Parliament and thus in possession of the chancery and exchequer, and over against them the king wielding the administration through the officers of his wardrobe and chamber by means of the small seals. The anger of the barons with a royal favourite was not aroused by his pride or greed, but by the fact that he was at the head of an administration better organized and more effective than that which they controlled.

It is not possible here to do more than indicate the importance of the new material this work brings to light. These volumes cover four revolutions—the fall of Edward II, of Mortimer, the attempt at arbitrary rule of Richard II, and his dethronement—and a European war—the opening of the Hundred Years' War—and through it all show a well-organized and efficient civil service, as permanent as our own. A fifth volume will bring the work to a conclusion by a much-needed study of the small seals by which the royal administration was carried on, and by an index which will make the store of knowledge here accumulated more readily accessible. We congratulate the author on the approaching completion of his monumental study, which will take its place among the few classics of administrative history, as an example and an inspiration to future historians.

**The A.B.C. of Art.** By John Haldane Blackie. Hamilton. 2s. 6d.

THIS is a useful, and, on the whole, an unpretentious little book, the purpose of which is to set the untaught reader's foot upon the bottom rung of a very steep ladder. "No amount of information," the author says in his Introduction, "can replace the absolute necessity for individual thought," and he contents himself by seeking to explain the groundwork of aesthetic understanding, beginning with a definition of Art as "the successful communication of a valuable experience." In so short a book an onslaught upon Mr. Clive Bell and Signor Croce might advantageously have been omitted, but in dealing with "these moderns" and non-representational painting Mr. Blackie is at the same time simple and sympathetic. Excellently stated again is his note on the wrong, that is irrelevant, sort of judgment in Art; for though the fault dealt with is an elementary one, it is much too common to be neglected. Coming to particular instances, Mr. Blackie deals with poetry, pictures, architecture, sculpture, music, and the kinema, winding up with a chapter on art in England and America, and a short and inadequate summary of books to be read.

**Mrs. Eddy's "Christian Science."** By Leighton Pullan. Rivington. 2s.

DR. PULLAN seems to have been at great pains to discover why his friend became interested in Christian Science. He admits that Mrs. Eddy's thought has done some good, but thinks her writings appeal more to the country folk of Western America than to the learned East, though Christ's early disciples were merely fishermen. The sad story at the end, in which the Christian Scientist failed, and the skill of the medical profession succeeded, would have been more convincing if some other Christian denomination had succeeded in carrying out the command to heal the sick where Christian Science failed. Until the power of faith healing is regained people will be bound to look around elsewhere until they find perfection.

**Why I Believe in Personal Immortality.** By Sir Oliver Lodge. Cassell. 5s.

"IF a man die, shall he live again?" The problem of human survival has lain heavy on the mind of man since the days of the patriarch Job, and to many it would seem that we are no nearer a solution than that troubled questioner. Science has not rendered us any material assistance; death still remains the "undiscovered country." Sir Oliver Lodge deals with the subject from his own standpoint. For him the question of paramount importance is this—"whether an individualized portion of mind can retain its individuality, long after the particles which it once inhabited are dispersed; that is, after the material organism is destroyed, although that organism may have been the physical condition of its individualization."

Sir Oliver answers that question with an emphatic affirmative. Mind, he holds, may inform matter, but it is not the product of matter: the association of the two is purely temporary. He has reached this conclusion as the result of his own individual researches into the realm of psychic phenomena, and he cites a number of examples which go to prove, in his view, the reality of spirit contact and the fact of the survival of the human being after the dissolution of its bodily frame. Not many readers will feel disposed to stress the importance of these communications, but it would be equally foolish to dismiss them as either irrelevant or fraudulent. In any case, Sir Oliver's book—tentative, and even inconclusive as it is—is a stimulating contribution to a perennially interesting problem.

## MOTORING

BY W. H. STIRLING

NOT long ago, when in the Midlands, the opportunity was afforded me of trying two well-known cars, the 14/45 h.p. Bean and the 14 h.p. Standard. The 14/45 h.p. Beans, now called "safety" models, have a remarkable four-cylinder engine developing over 45 h.p., though the Treasury rating is only 13.9. The engine is fitted with a Ricardo head and masked valves, providing what is called a state of turbulence in the combustion chamber. A cruising speed of 40 to 45 miles per hour was on this occasion easily maintained, and on straight stretches the pace was between 63 and 64 miles per hour. The power and rapidity of acceleration was a noticeable feature and the instant retardation showed the trustworthy character of the brakes.

This saloon model was roomy and comfortable, the springing was good and the car held the road steadily at high speeds. All Bean Car springs and other vital working parts are made from Hadfield famous Sheffield steels. Triplex glass is being fitted now to all these models, without extra charge.

\* \* \*

Of the Standard models, the 14 h.p. Farnham Saloon which I tried also gave evidence of very comfortable running. With this car two things most necessary to motorists were strongly in evidence—rapid acceleration of the engine and the amazingly quick pull-up. A high average speed can be maintained on this car, and it holds the road well. When going round some of the shops at the Canley Works, I noticed the rapidity with which the 9 h.p. models were going through in response to the popular demand for them. This model is being sold very freely as a Saloon with the "Stanlite" sliding roof. It gives the fortunate owner the advantage of two cars, an open tourer and a saloon.

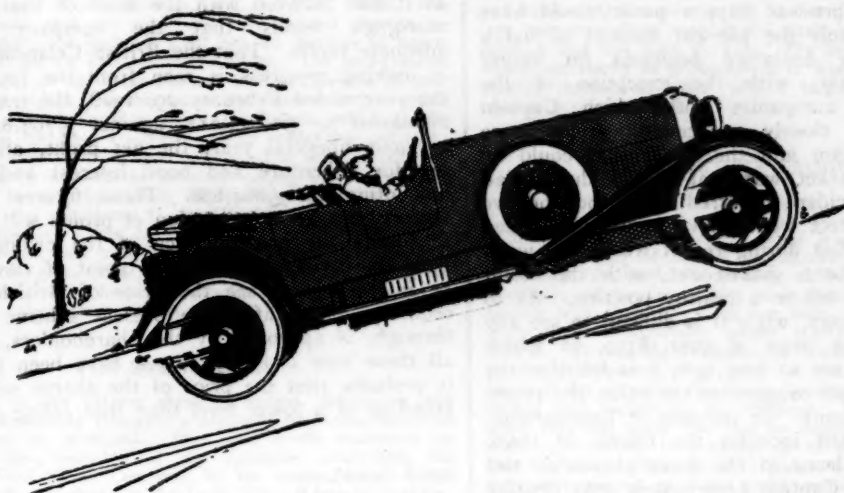
\* \* \*

Entries for the R.A.C. Tourist Trophy Race to be held near Belfast on Saturday, August 18, have now closed at single fees with a total of sixty. The race will be a handicap based on engine capacity. There are seven countries represented: America, Austria, Belgium, France, Germany, Great Britain and Italy.

The R.A.C. has decided to limit the number of starters in the race to sixty; this number has already been entered. In view, however, of the possibility of certain of these not complying with the regulations, and thus not being able to start, the R.A.C. is prepared to accept further entries at double fees, such entries to rank as reserves, and only to be eligible to compete in the race in the event of any of those already entered being withdrawn. Should there be no withdrawals, and in consequence none of the cars accepted as reserves being allowed to race, the entry fees in all such cases will be refunded.



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## THE CITY

*Lombard Street, Thursday*

**I**F evidence was required of the healthy condition and strong undertone of the London Stock Exchange it was forthcoming last week when the City learned of the death of Captain Alfred Loewenstein. In pre-war days a panic would have resulted. Fortunately the pre-war method of building up unhealthy contango positions no longer exists; consequently, with the exception of the shares of those companies with which Captain Loewenstein was closely associated, prices were merely marked down and the worst that could be said about the market was that it was dull. Had this regrettable incident occurred some four or five weeks ago, the effect would have undoubtedly been more pronounced, but during recent weeks the weak bull element has been shaken out, with the result that markets were left in a healthy position. As to International Holdings, while it is difficult to see any justification for the price of over \$350, at which these shares stood not so long ago, it is felt that the present level does not exaggerate the value and possibilities of this company. In the case of International Holdings, the Board includes the names of those conducive to confidence in the financial world, and while the death of Captain Loewenstein may deprive the company of some of those picturesquely sensational deals in which he so frequently figured, there is no reason to assume that the future of the concern will not be thoroughly satisfactory in the hands of the remaining directors.

### BRITISH CELANESE

The British Celanese Company have issued their anxiously awaited scheme for dealing with the arrears of their preference dividend. This scheme they include in their annual report, together with details of a further increase of capital. It will be remembered that the capital of the British Celanese Company at present consists of 4,250,000 7½% cumulative participating preference shares of £1 each and 2,650,000 ordinary shares of 10s. each. In addition there are outstanding £958,182 first mortgage 7% debenture stock and £3,000,000 7½% convertible second mortgage bearer bonds. The proposals to be submitted to shareholders at the annual meeting to be held on the 16th of the present month are: that 2,000,000 7% cumulative first preference shares of £1 each should be issued at par, ranking immediately in front of the existing 7½% preference; that the participating rights of the existing 7½% preference shares, which at present entitle them to 25% of the surplus distributable profits in any one year, be amended so that the maximum amount they can receive from this 25% is a further 2½%; and lastly, that the existing 7½% preference shares should forgo their claim to arrears of dividend, which amount to 7s. per share. In return for these concessions it is proposed to distribute free to existing preference shareholders one new 10s. ordinary share for every three preference shares held. It is further suggested to increase the ordinary share capital by the issue of a further 500,000 ordinary shares at £3 per share pro rata to preference share-

holders, ordinary shareholders and second mortgage bondholders. From the point of view of the preference shareholders this scheme is an equitable one, always providing the price of the ordinary shares is maintained at somewhere about the present level. At the same time, the fact must not be overlooked that the capital of the company is being greatly increased and it is a little disconcerting to learn that the directors consider that these extra millions are required for additional working capital, as it was believed with the issue of the convertible mortgage bonds that the company possessed adequate funds. That the British Celanese Company is making progress is seen from the fact that for the year ended February 29, 1928, the trading profit amounted to £1,643,212, against £793,849 for the previous financial year, the net profit, after providing for debenture and bond interest and royalties, amounting to £864,888. These figures are satisfactory, but great expansion of profits will be needed to justify the present price of the ordinary shares from the dividend distribution point of view. It will be interesting to see the price of British Celanese ordinary shares after the present scheme has gone through, if approved by the shareholders, and after all these new ordinary shares have been issued. It is probable that the price of the shares will then be standing at a lower level than that ruling to-day.

### SHIP CANAL

At the Ship Canal Portland Cement Manufacturers' meeting last week, the chairman—Mr. Oliver Piper—dealt in detail with the position of the company. Shareholders must have been gratified to learn of the strong position and excellent prospects of their company. Ship Canal shares should provide capital appreciation if purchased at the present price and locked away for 12 months.

### DUOPHONE

The directors of the Duophone and Unbreakable Record Company have notified their shareholders that a new company is now in course of formation under the name of Duophone Foreign, Limited, and that on or about July 17 a public issue of shares in this new company is intended to be made. Upon such issue, preferential consideration in allotment will be given to applications received from both preference and ordinary shareholders of the Duophone and Unbreakable Record Company, Limited, who are registered as such at the close of business on July 16. As it is believed that when dealings start these Duophone Foreign shares will open at a substantial premium, holders of Duophone shares who have not so far had their shares registered in their own name should remedy the omission without delay.

### BOURNEMOUTH AND POOLE STADIUM

In this issue will be found the preliminary notice dealing with an issue which is being made by the Bournemouth and Poole Stadium, Ltd. This company has been formed and proposes to build a stadium and to organize various games and amusements in connexion with it at Poole, Dorset. In view of their nearness to Bournemouth, the park and stadium should not lack patrons.

TAURUS

**NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE**  
**INSURANCE Co., Ltd.** Total Funds Exceed £35,690,800. Total Income Exceeds £10,462,000  
 LONDON: 61 Threadneedle Street, E.C.2 EDINBURGH: 64 Princes Street



## Company Meeting.

## MOND NICKEL Co., Ltd.

## PROFITS INCREASED BY NEARLY FIFTY PER CENT.

The FOURTEENTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of this company was held on Thursday last, in London.

The Rt. Hon. Lord Melchett, P.C., F.R.S., D.Sc. (the Chairman), said that the profit and loss account showed an increase in the gross profit of £247,890, an increase of nearly fifty per cent. on the previous year's figure. The improvement was mainly due to the great increase in the deliveries of their main product, nickel. Another factor had been a further reduction in the cost of matte produced in Canada, which in the last two years had been brought down by twenty-five per cent., and was now lower than ever before. The sum of £50,000 had been placed to suspense account, mainly for the purpose of providing for any loss which might eventually arise in connection with the subsidence at the Worthington Mine and for other contingencies. The net profit, but for the transfer to suspense account, had been increased by almost the identical amount as the gross profit. He thought it would be agreed that the company had had a most satisfactory year, and that it was in a very strong position.

## THE SUBSIDIARIES

The item in the balance sheet of shares, debentures and balance of Associated Company's accounts and other securities had increased by £190,564. That was chiefly accounted for by the further financing of the American subsidiary, the American Mond Nickel Company, by the acquisition of debentures and preference shares in the South Wales Primrose Coal Co., which concern they were on the point of taking over as it was in danger of closing down, and happened to be a producer of the quality of anthracite especially suited to the company's purposes, and by the taking up of further shares in the Victoria Syndicate, and by advances to Messrs. Henry Wiggin & Co., Ltd. The last-named company had had a satisfactory year's working. They had received an increased dividend from the company while a sum had also been left in reserve in its balance sheet. They had been busily engaged on improvements and the reconstruction of works and plant at Birmingham with a view to improving the same. Thanks to the manner in which the task had been proceeded with, they expected that the effect would be reflected satisfactorily in the result for next year. He was glad to say that the many alloy products and rolled products of that company were meeting with such a growing demand that they must considerably expand the manufacturing capacity.

## AMERICAN MOND NICKEL

With regard to the American Mond Nickel, which he had mentioned on various occasions, it was now two years since he visited that plant and decided on a thorough reorganisation of the management which had since been carried out. The Board had been studying the position, especially on the American side, and, with the assistance and help of Mr. Barclay, their technical adviser in these matters in Birmingham, they had been considering the remodelling of the company's works. They had proceeded on cautious lines, preferring not to expend large sums of money until they knew exactly what they intended to do, and that policy, he thought, had proved thoroughly justified. They had devised a new form of electric annealing furnace which was a very great advance on anything as yet known for the annealing of their class of nickel and copper product. That would be not only a great advantage to America, but a great advantage here, and as they owned the patent it would be a source of revenue to the company.

The mines which the company was at present working, namely, the Garson and Levack, were looking as well as ever, and they had been able to prove further ore reserves during the year. They had, however, been fortunate in finding in the Frood Extension Mine a property of very large extent and of better grade than they had had in the past. The board, therefore, attached great importance to its development. The position of this mine was interesting owing to the fact that the ore bodies progressively improved at depth. A very large body of ore had been disclosed above the 2,700 ft. level, the average grade of which was superior to the ore at present being worked. This would result in cheaper matte costs, and, therefore, in cheaper nickel production and larger profits if the prices of metals were maintained. Below that level the ore got richer both in copper and nickel contents, and in certain spots the copper ore seemed to occur in such concentrated form as to show quite phenomenal values. The shareholders were advised in October last that borehole No. 28 had intersected a section of ore 70 ft. wide containing twenty per cent. nickel

and two per cent. copper, the samples of which were subsequently found to be very rich in precious metals. From the result of this and of other boreholes, the board came to the conclusion that it was useless to try to estimate the tonnage and value of this occurrence by further drilling, and all energy was concentrated on sinking the shaft, which was just about finished, and was 3,350 ft. deep. The development of the mine would necessarily be gradual, but it was hoped to get a substantial tonnage by 1930, and a larger proportion of their total requirements by 1931.

## THE FURTHER PROGRAMME

After that time they would probably concentrate the whole of their mining efforts on this mine instead of operating two or three mines as at present. That programme would require a large amount of capital expenditure; they had the shaft to develop, the surface machinery to develop and the hoisting machinery to develop. They were studying new methods of dealing with that very large ore body, in the hope that they might very substantially reduce the costs of operations in Canada. It was the necessity for incurring large expenditure in the development of a mine of this magnitude that had induced the directors to bring forward the proposition for finding new capital for the company. He had no doubt that when they met again next year he would be able to give fuller and more certain information as to the position there, but that this company was going to possess a valuable property, that they were assured of many years' supply of good ore, which would substantially increase their profits, and that they had a possibility of making something more if they found that the rich ore existed in substantial quantities, there could be no shadow of doubt whatsoever. (Applause.)

## INCREASING CONSUMPTION OF NICKEL

Referring to the phenomenal increase in the general consumption of nickel, the Chairman said that the metal was being used more and more in an increasing number of alloyed combinations. There was no doubt that steel, chrome and other non-corrosive alloys, as well as alloys requiring a large degree of tensile strength, benefited by the admixture of nickel, and this was being more and more recognized in metallurgical production. Practically every country and every user of nickel were increasing their demands, and that was why he thought the industry was to-day on a much sounder and more stable basis than he had ever known it to be during the long time he had been associated with it. The company's other main product, sulphate of copper, had benefited from the higher price of copper. They had sold the whole of their production, and he thought they would have no difficulty in disposing of any additional amount they might make. With regard to precious metals, from which they derived a considerable revenue, they had had no difficulty in disposing of the whole of their platinum production at prices which, although lower than in the past, were still satisfactory. He thought that some kind of stabilization among platinum producers must and would take place, for there was no object in forcing on the market larger quantities than the market could possibly absorb.

He was glad to be able to state that the relations with their staff and workmen, both here and in Canada, continued to be excellent. There was no doubt that the co-partnership scheme had been very beneficial to the company.

## CAPITAL INCREASE

The company had an extensive programme of work before it, and it was therefore proposed to increase the authorized ordinary capital from £900,000 to £1,500,000 by the creation of 1,200,000 shares of 10s. each. The board proposed to issue 600,000 of the new shares at a premium of £2 15s. for each 10s. share, thus making the price of issue £3 5s. This offer would be made to the ordinary shareholders on the register on the 2nd inst. in the ratio of one new share for every three held. It was also intended to reserve a number of shares, not exceeding 100,000, to allocate to persons actually concerned in the management of the company on such terms and at such price as the board in their discretion might decide. The premium on the new shares, which would amount to not less than £1,700,000, would constitute a very substantial reserve in the next balance-sheet. It was also proposed to sub-divide the £1 ordinary shares into two shares of 10s. each.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted, and the proposed sub-division and increase of capital was approved.

## ACROSTICS

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 330

ENGRAVER, PAINTER, BARD—SAY SOME—INSPIRED;  
NEGLECTED LIVING, NOW HIS WORK'S ADMIRER.

1. Three-fifths of Heaven's last best gift to man.
2. Chief feature of a labyrinthine plan.
3. Like the batrachian in his early days.
4. Two nurtured in me earned their country's praise.
5. Involved; the delicacy clip away.
6. Gambol like that of monkey in its play.
7. Halve now a wanderer that at night we view.
8. Known to the culprit and the toper too.
9. A supplication, but too long by half.
10. Kernel of that which terminates a calf.
11. The bird will do, but her you must dismiss.
12. Hungry, dear madam, means the same as this.

## Solution of Acrostic No. 328

C	oliseu	M <sup>1</sup>	<sup>1</sup> Childe Harold, iv. 139-142.
A	n	Imated	<sup>2</sup> The plesiosaurus had a neck of enormous length.
P	lesiosauru	S <sup>2</sup>	
E	nteriti	S <sup>3</sup>	<sup>3</sup> That nasty pest the common house-fly is one of the chief agents in the spreading of enteritis or typhoid fever.
R	ak	E <sup>4</sup>	
C	ame	L	
A	ntagonis	T	<sup>4</sup> Hogarth's 'Rake's Progress' is well known.
KI	s	H	
L	actomete	R	
Z	eb	U	<sup>5</sup> The lias at Lynn Regis is the great repository for the remains of the ichthyosaurus.
I	chthyosauru	S <sup>5</sup>	
E	la	H <sup>6</sup>	<sup>6</sup> 1 Sam. xxi, 9.

ACROSTIC No. 328.—The winner is Mr. H. de R. Morgan, Letchmore Lodge, Elstree, who has selected as his prize 'The Artists of the 1890's,' by John Rothenstein, published by Routledge and reviewed in our columns on June 30 under the title 'Painters of the 'Nineties.' Twelve other competitors chose this book, 13 named 'The Instrument of Destiny,' 10 'Mandrake over the Water-Carrier,' 10 'Lord Reading,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Armadale, A. de V. Blathwayt, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boskerris, Mrs. J. Butler, J. Chambers, Clam, Crayke, Dhualt, Sir Reginald Egerton, Miss E. W. Fox, Rev. E. P. Gatty, Gay, Anthony George, Hanworth, H. C. M., Iago, W. P. James, Jerboa, John Lennie, Lilian, Martha, Met, George W. Miller, N. O. Sellam, Sensei, Sisyphus, St. Ives, H. M. Vaughan, C. J. Warden, Capt. W. R. Wolseley, Yendu.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—E. Barrett, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Carlton, Miss Carter, Ceyx, D. L., Farsdon, Ganesh, Glamis, Madge, Margaret, Miss Moore, Margaret Owen, F. M. Petty, Polamar, Mrs. Politeyan, Rho Kappa, Shorwell, Stucco, Twyford.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Falcon, G. M. Fowler, H. F. B. C., Jop, Lady Mottram. All others more.

ACROSTIC No. 327.—The winner is Mr. John Lennie, Southleigh, Murrayfield, Edinburgh, who has selected as his prize 'A Diplomat Off Duty,' by the Hon. Sir Francis Lindley, published by Benn, and reviewed in our columns on June 23. Sixteen other competitors chose this book, 13 named 'Diplomacy and Foreign Courts,' 13 'Pax the Adventurous Horse,' 7 'Round About Andorra,' etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Armadale, A. de V. Blathwayt, Bolo, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boskerris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Mrs. J. Butler, Carlton, C. C. J., J. Chambers, Clam, De Reszke, Dhualt, Dolmar, Sir Reginald Egerton, Farsdon, Gay, G. H. Hammond, H. C. M., Jop, Miss Kelly, Lilian, Martha, Met, G. W. Miller, Miss Moore, N. O. Sellam, Peter, Polamar, Mrs. Politeyan, Shorwell, Sisyphus, St. Ives, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Tyro, C. J. Warden, Capt. W. R. Wolseley, Zyk.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—E. Barrett, Mrs. Batchen, P. R. Bennett, Ceyx, Chailey, Maud Crowther, D. L., G. M. Fowler, Miss E. W. Fox, Miss J. Fry, Jeff, Margaret, Lady Mottram, Margaret Owen, Stucco, Twyford, Yendu, F. M. Petty, H. M. Vaughan.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Miss Carter, Cyril E. Ford, Glamis, Hanworth, H. F. B. C., Madge, Rho Kappa.

ACROSTIC No. 326.—CORRECT: Farsdon, Cyril E. Ford.

G. W. MILLER AND MADGE.—Journalists with an antipathy to words of one syllable might tell us that "the Earl of Bumbleborough expired last Friday," but the up-to-date of them, if sane and sober, would hardly write: "The Earl of Bumbleborough exhaled last Friday."

POLAMAR.—We regret the accidental omission of your name. You certainly had only one Light wrong in No. 326.

E. W. FOX.—The Nerbudda or Narbada may be a sacred river, but it is small compared to the mighty Niger, which gives its name to Nigeria.

FARSDON.—Your correct solution of No. 326 has been duly acknowledged.

J. T.—What I say above about the Nerbudda applies with still more force to the Niagara, a river only about thirty miles long.

[Other replies to competitors are held over till next week.]

## Company Meeting

## J. COMPTON, SONS &amp; WEBB

THE FIFTEENTH ANNUAL ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the shareholders of J. Compton, Sons and Webb, Limited, was held on July 11 at the Cannon Street Hotel, London, E.C.

Mr. Charles Frederic Spencer (the chairman) said: Gentlemen, as you have no doubt had an opportunity of perusing the report, and accounts accompanying the same, for the year ended December 31, 1927, we will, with your permission, take them as read. (Agreed.)

## THE BALANCE-SHEET

If you will turn to the balance-sheet you will observe that freehold lands, buildings, machinery and plant stand at the sum of £136,673, which is an increase of £37 0s. 9d. on the corresponding figure of last year, while the debit to motor vehicles account has been completely written out. Shares in associated companies, less reserves, have been added to during the year on account of the acquisition of the business of J. Hammond and Co. (1922), Limited. This purchase was made towards the close of the year under review. This business is now being carried on in a similar productive manner to that which is in operation in other factories under our control, and we anticipate that the results of the current year's working will be quite satisfactory. Stock and work in progress are valued by two of our directors, and are taken on a conservative basis. Work which is in progress is valued at cost, and stocks of raw materials are also on a cost basis, and are of such a character that they are readily realizable at any time. Sundry debtors, bills receivable, and sundry debit balances figure at £25,827, against £59,262 in the previous year. Goodwill and cash in bank need no commenting upon.

Turning now to the liabilities side of the balance-sheet, you will see that the issued share capital consisted of 103,500 7 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £1 each, and 600,000 Ordinary shares of 4s. each, making a total capital of £223,500. During the year an issue was made of a further 100,000 Ordinary shares at a premium of 8s. 6d. per share, but the actual allotment was not made until the month of January of this year. The amount due to our bankers on December 31, 1927, was £32,928, whilst the sum owing to our bankers at the end of 1926 was £82,672. The item of "Sundry creditors and credit balance" appears to be a normal figure, and is largely composed of trade accounts. "New issues of shares—suspense account," represents the sums received in respect of applications for the new shares, to which I have already referred. The remaining items of general reserve and profit and loss appropriation account I will refer to later.

## PROFIT AND DIVIDENDS

If you turn to the report, you will see it is stated therein that the accounts show a profit of £71,227, and, on deducting interest and income-tax paid and payable, there is a balance of £54,017. If the balance brought forward from last year is added to this figure the total sum reaches £59,132 as available for disposal. The amount of preference dividend paid during the year was £3,622, and if this amount is deducted from the item of £59,132 we arrive at the figure of profit stated in the balance-sheet, viz., £55,509.

Preference dividend for the year of £7,245 has already been paid, and the directors recommend that a dividend be paid of 25 per cent., less tax, on all the Ordinary Shares now issued, including 100,000 new shares issued during the current year, and to add to reserve the sum of £14,000. When this sum of £14,000 has been added to reserve, the general reserve will stand at £50,000. The directors propose to place the sum of £42,500, being the premiums received on the new issue of shares, to reserves, making aggregate reserves £92,500.

The profits of the year have been very satisfactory and substantially in excess of the preceding year. Naturally you will ask how the present year's profits are turning out. They are quite satisfactory, and it is pleasing to note that we have a large number of contracts in hand, and have secured substantial contracts which will take us two or three years to execute fully.

## REASON FOR SATISFACTORY RESULTS

In our trade the margin of profit per unit of output is very small indeed, but our total output is so large that a good profit results on the relatively small capital employed in the business. Another factor to be taken into account in producing this aggregate profit is that our factories are so well organized that waste elimination has been carried out almost scientifically.

In conclusion, I can only add that there is no reason which I can foresee why the profits for the current year cannot at least be maintained, as we have no foreign competition to combat, and are able to meet home competition with confidence.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

The retiring directors were re-elected and the auditors were reappointed.

The proceedings then terminated.



## Company Meeting

APOLLINARIS & JOHANNIS,  
LIMITED

THE THIRTY-FIRST ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of Apollinaris & Joannis, Ltd., was held on July 10 at the Holborn Restaurant. Mr. Alfred R. Holland, Chairman of the Company, presided, and in moving the adoption of the Report and Accounts said the profits for the year amounted to £71,367, being an increase on the previous year of £6,293. Apart from the slight setback during the year of the General Strike, every year without exception had shown business expansion and growth of profits. Under the 1923 Scheme of Reconstruction, sums were yearly set aside out of the annual profits for Sinking Fund purposes, and during the past five years no less than £44,450 of Debentures and Certificates had been purchased and cancelled, thus strengthening the financial position of the Company. The carry forward after deduction of sums as set out in the Report would stand at £77,635, which sum the Board considered sufficient for the present needs of the business. A dividend of 1 per cent. was recommended to be paid to shareholders which, though small, was at least a commencement—it was the first since the War—and would afford encouragement to the shareholders. Had it not been for the unprecedentedly wet and cool summer—one of the very worst according to the weather report of the "Times"—a larger sum would undoubtedly have been earned. Such results, notwithstanding the adverse weather conditions, demonstrated that the business was sound and the popularity of Apollinaris was growing.

The improvement in the position of the Company was also due to the progress in the sales of Presta Sweetened Beverages—such as Tonic Water, Lemonade, Ginger Ale, etc., prepared and bottled by the Company at their new model factory at Colindale. This new venture for the second year of its existence showed highly satisfactory results, and that Presta had come to stay; Presta was becoming an important branch of the organization of the Company. Apollinaris trade, however, in many of the Foreign markets, particularly South America, was still heavily handicapped by high and in many cases prohibitive duties. Even in England—still supposed to be a Free Trade country—business was hampered by Customs and Excise charges. The duty paid on the English Home Trade indeed amounted last year to some £18,000 or sufficient to pay an additional 2 per cent. dividend, or 3 per cent. instead of 1 per cent. now recommended. Nevertheless, the excellent and never varying quality of Apollinaris made one optimistic that in spite of the many and great difficulties which had to be faced, further steady progress would still be continued.

The name of the Right Hon. Lord Lurgan, K.C.V.O., was submitted to the Meeting for confirmation as a Member of the Board, and his services were expected to be of the greatest utility.

The Report and Accounts were unanimously adopted, and the proceedings closed with votes of thanks to the Staff and to the Chairman.

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## Appeal

**S**T. MARY, EDMONTON.—Please help this very poor parish of 8,000 people by sending cast-off clothing, boots, or "rummage" of any kind to the Mission Sister, St. Mary's Vicarage, Edmonton, N.

## Literary

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## Theatres

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(Four Weeks Only). **MATS. THURS. and SAT. 2.15**

**THE FARMER'S WIFE**

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**WYNDHAM'S** (Regent 3028). **Lessee LEON M. LION**  
(Two Weeks Only). **Evenings 8.30. Mats. Wed., Fri. 2.30**

**JUSTICE**

By John Galsworthy

**LEON M. LION, L. HANRAY, MARY GREW**

## 'Saturday Review' Acrostics: 14.7.1928

Allen & Unwin	Faber and Gwyer	Nash & Grayson
Appleton	Fisher Unwin	Noel, Douglas
Arrowsmith	Foulis	Odams Press
Bale & Danielsson	Gyldendal	Peter Davies
Blackwell	Harper	Putnam's Press
Benn	Heinemann	Routledge
Bies	Herbert Jenkins	Sampson Low
Brentano's	Hodder & Stoughton	Scribner's
Burns & Oates	Hodge	Selwyn & Blount
Cecil Palmer	Hurst & Blackett	Sheed and Ward
Chapman & Hall	Hutchinson	S.P.C.K.
Colden Sanderson	Jarrod	Stanley Paul
Collins	Kegan Paul	The Bodley Head
Crosby Lockwood	Labour Publishing Co.	The Studio
Dent	Longmans	Victor Gollancz
Duckworth	Melrose	Ward, Lock
Elkin Mathews and	Mills & Boon	Werner Laurie
Marrot	Murray	Wishart

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